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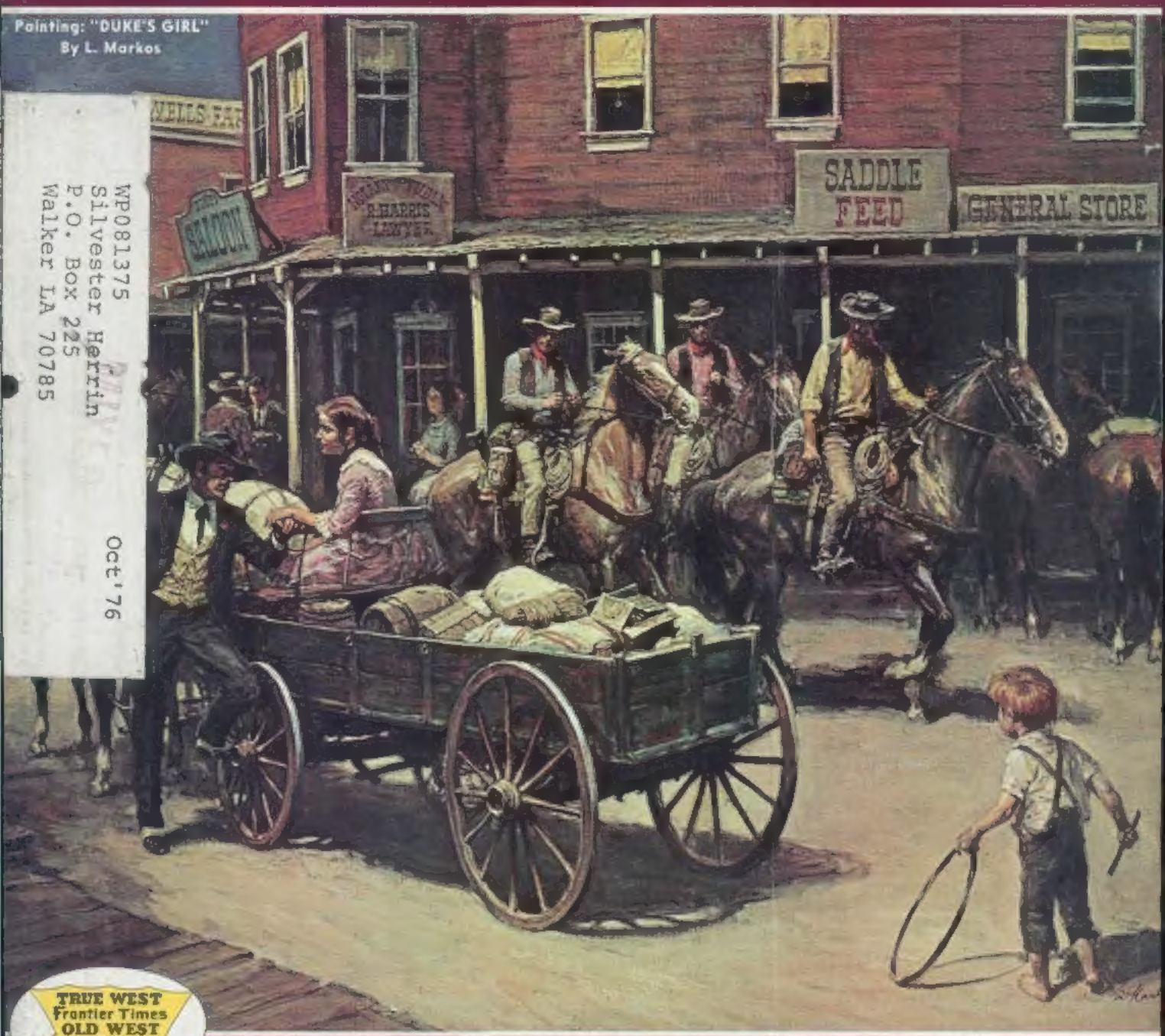

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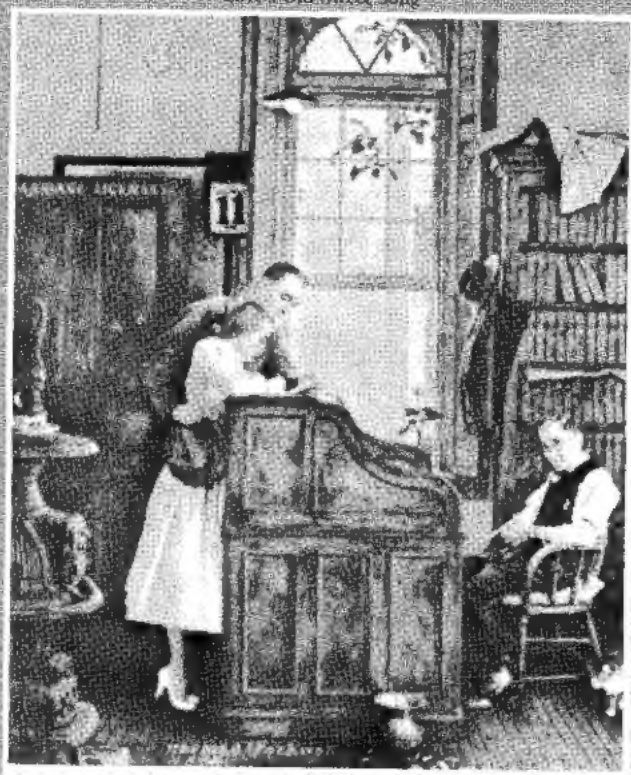

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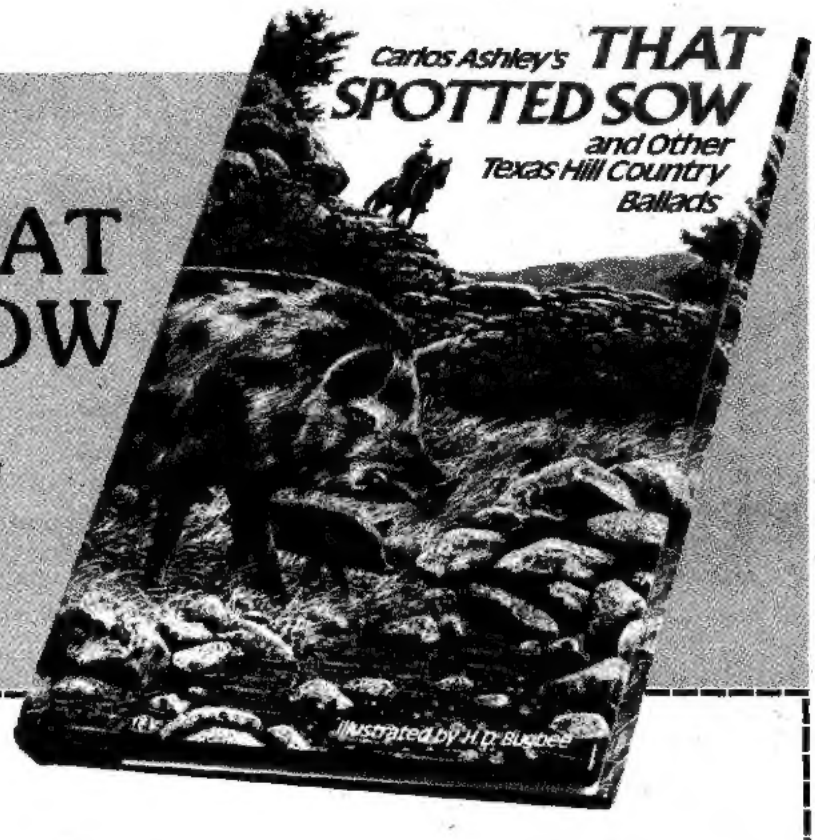

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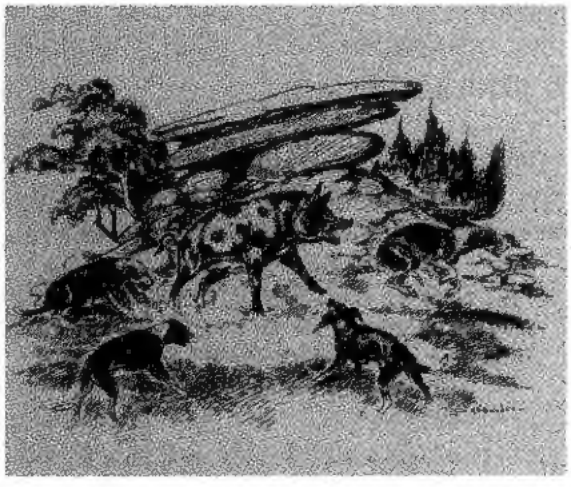

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March-April, 1976
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Whole No. 134

True West

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Cover Painting by L. Markos

Courtesy Brass Door Galleries of Houston

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Truly Western

Back row: John Guild; Tom Anson; Trude Hereford; Ben Seaton; N. Cristler; W. Carter; Will Harvey; Cris Earley; Chas. Ingersoll; Allie Ingersoll.
Middle row: Gaven Barr; George Guild; Robert Hamilton; Willie Byrne; Dick Jones (with the whiskers); George Butler; Eddie Byrne; Tom Casto; Jack Stevens; Rube Ingersoll.
Front row: Frank Byrne; Jack Edmunson; Will Stoll; Percy Allen; Oscar Guinn; George Hereford; Albert Byrne; Horse Wrangler Smith. Lying down in front is Bob Calverly, deputy sheriff under John Ward. Calverly arrested Butch Cassidy—the only time Butch was arrested in Wyoming and maybe the first time anywhere.

These riders were gathered in Evanston to celebrate the 4th of July, 1884, and to watch a contest between Oscar Guinn and George Hereford to see which was the best rider. They were supposed to hire out to Buffalo Bill's circus which was touring the East at that time. Harvey and Hamilton were my uncles. All of these men are passed and gone. This was before I was born and I am now 84 years old. I remember most of these men because my father worked for the Carter Cattle Company for many years at this time and until the big freeze of 1887-1888. The Carters owned around 35,000 head of cattle here and in the Big Horn Basin. I have a newspaper clipping of my Uncle Rob Hamilton's death. That is where I got this information. If anyone wants to know more, just write me.—Ralph A. Harvey, 609 Main Street, Evanston, Wyoming 82930.

(Thanks to everyone else who wrote us about this photo. Many could offer partial identification but Mr. Harvey's was the first letter we received in which all the men were named.)

The Greatest Days on Earth

I was highly intrigued by the cover of your October issue of TRUE WEST by Markos. Having wheeled four horses strung out, two and two, hauling grain, coal and various other items, this naturalistic drawing of the horses really appealed to me and brought back memories. These people lived a crude simple way of life with hospitality and friendliness that today's people will never know. You felt at home then wherever you went.

The artist really drew a good picture of a shed-type barn. I've often led a horse into these at various farms and ranches. At odd times the saddle horn barely missed the top of the door jamb, and stirrups banging on sides of the door made the horse lunge in, in one jump.

To take a saddle horse out in the dark, one lit a match to get his bearing in the barn where the horse was. Then, in the dark, you did some real sweet horse talk to make sure you didn't get a horse's hoof planted in your middle. Darkness probably made the horse more gentle, as these accidents never happened at night. Once you placed your hand on the horse's hip, you felt a lot safer in the dark but you didn't quit talking yet.

I spent one day picking up one of our steers that had strayed south of the Battle River in Central Alberta. With a loop dropped over his head, it didn't take a steer long to be taught to follow a trail in front of the saddle horse. Once started, it was almost like driving a single horse. One had to have a well trained stock horse for this. I cut across the Battle River and had to pass through the yard of a squatter with a log barn and log house.

This man came out, started talking and immediately asked if I had had supper. I had been hunting all that day with nothing to eat and I readily accepted his invitation. He said that all he had was buns and black coffee but it was the best meal I ever had.

There were two bedrooms with just a bed in each. The floors were planed spruce lumber. There was a board table, couple of old chairs, old wood and coal cookstove along the wall, with pot and pans on the logs. There were no curtains or tablecloth, but it was all nicely kept and clean. The man's wife had died, leaving him to raise two boys and a girl. He was elderly, tall and stately, with only one eye. I heard that he had made his living horse trading and selling moonshine. Remains of the old still are still up in a small ravine back of his place. A spring runs out on the side of the hill there. After a pleasant talk and lunch, I thanked the man and was on my way.

I also admire the painting of Russell and Remington. I have spurred some of the top broncs in Central Alberta. Todays brones are systematic buckers compared to older times. There isn't the assortment to pick from and the broncs are bucked too steady. Back in the '30s and '40s, wherever you went they had a new bucking horse. Anything went if you got the horse out of the chute—crashing the fence, throwing themselves around, turning a somersault, kicking the rider, etc. The greatest days on earth—gone. —Arthur J. Mamerl, 336 Trafford Drive, N. W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada

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A Trooper of the 15th Horse

My good friend, John P. Conlon, one time Captain, United States Marine Corps, Korea, and now Ohio National Guard, sent me the February 1974 issue of TRUE WEST. I liked all I read, but what stopped me was War Horse No. Nine. Suspense began early and it built up. Since this was true stuff, by a man who had been there, I saw no chance for a happy ending.

When I was a private in the 15th Cavalry, spring of 1918, stationed in Merignac near Bordeaux, France, Lt. Col. Julien Edmond Gaujot commanded the outfit for a little while. The Army Registers of those days list only one officer named Gaujot (rhymes with "Go, Joe"), and could have done with a lot more like him. He served in the Philippines and on the border and to this day he is the subject of many yarns. Most of them, while probably true, at least in general outline, would be hard to sustain by documentation. I'm sure this is the same Gaujot as in the article, and I'd love to hear a sound track of what he was muttering. His speech was pungent, even for a cavalryman.

You may be interested in a few re-

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corded facts: Julien Edmond Gaujot was born October 22, 1874 in Keweenar, Michigan. His service began as Captain, Second West Virginia Infantry, July 5, 1898. In 1901 he was commissioned First Lieutenant of Cavalry, United States (regular) Army. As Captain of Troop K, First U. S. Cavalry at Augua Prieta, Mexico, April 13, 1911 he was cited and later awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

In 1923 Col. Gaujot was graduated from the Advanced Cavalry School, and in 1924 he was graduated from the Command and General Staff School. Only outstanding officers are appointed to the latter school, and of those who do get a chance at the course, a first step in becoming a general officer, a good many flunk.

Golonel Gaujot was retired at his own request on September 30, 1934. He died April 7, 1938 in Radford, Virginia.

I would appreciate having Mr. Auclair know his narrative evoked long ago memories. I am researching the story of Julien Edmond Gaujot for my memoirs, "Trooper of the 15th Horse," in which a chapter will be devoted to that unusual officer.—E. Hoffman Price, P. O. Box 406, Redwood City, California 94064

Aaron Hill and Jim Munroe

I am able to enjoy your interesting publications by reason of accommodation with my barber who trades me your literature for the garden truck I bring in occasionally off our small homestead on the eastern fringe of the Great Salt Lake Desert.

I am trying to trace one Aaron Hill, my grandfather Hill's next older brother. He was probably born in Poughkeepsie, New York. His birthdate was May 19, 1835, recorded in the Hill family Bible. My branch of the family says he was either lost in the Civil War or went West, and all track was lost of him. But just this past year another branch of our Hill family, descended from my grandfather Hill's next younger brother, William Peter Hill, rediscovered their Hill family tree by contacting me. This branch now settled in western Colorado reports, quoting verbatim: "Aaron Hill went to El Paso, Texas and went under the name of Jim Munroe. He was lost in the Mexican Civil War—California Co."

I would like to have more precise details, titles and authors of any books or other literature which might be helpful. I am hoping to find articles that might shed some light on the "Mexican Civil War" mentioned and particularly "California Co." which I assume to be California Company, a military outfit of some kind.

No reason is apparent yet as to why Aaron Hill would choose to operate under the alias of Jim Munroe, unless he was a deserter from the Union Army or a badman on the frontier. And nothing has yet been revealed to me about any women in his life, or posterity, if he had any.

In closing, I want to tell you that the story, "Did You Grow Up On a Farm?" in the October, 1975 TRUE WEST, about fits that part of my childhood in the rural settings of both Ohio and North

(Continued on page 62)

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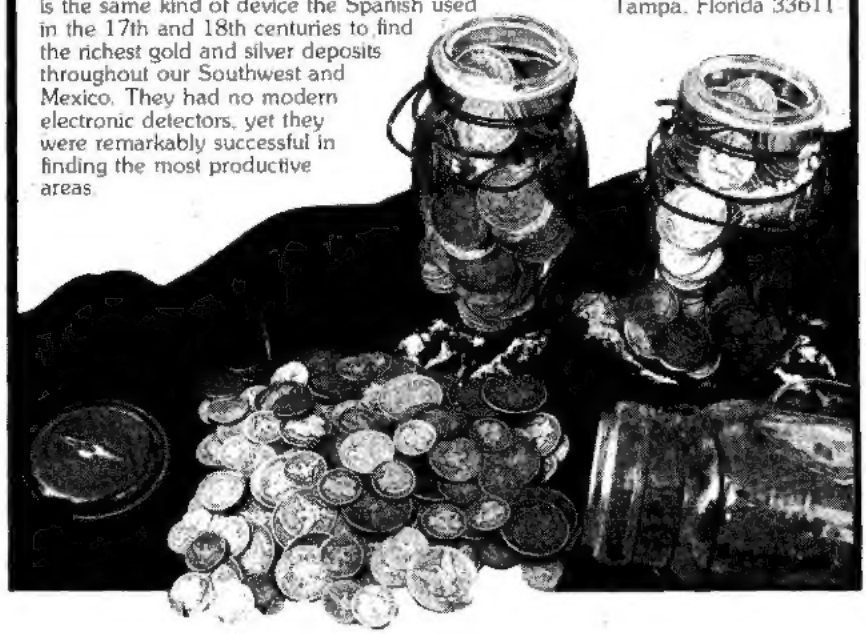

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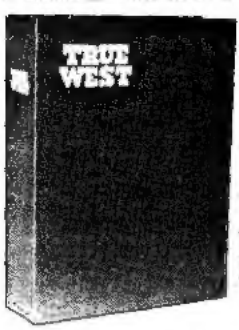

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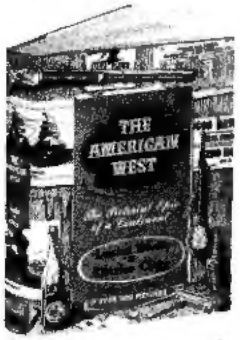

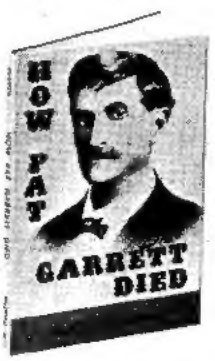

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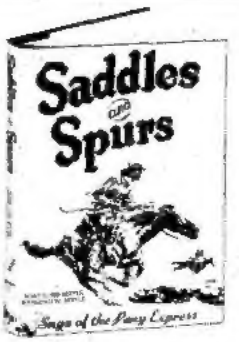

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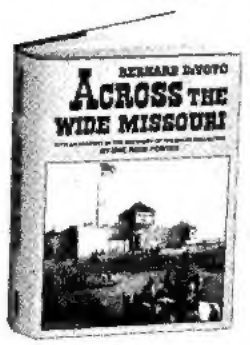

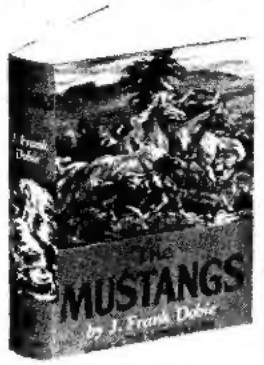

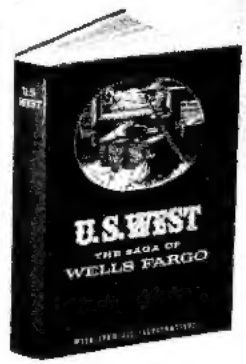

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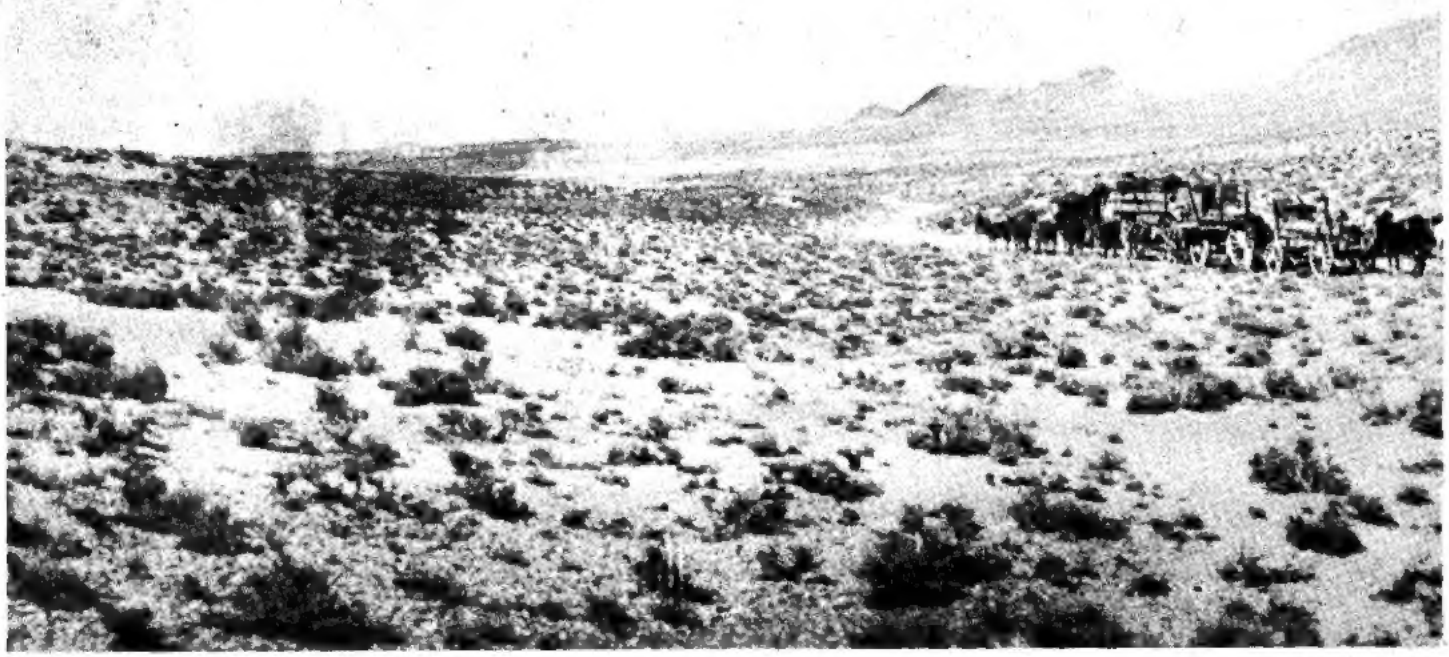
Fifty years ago sensational stories were written about Dad's "risking his life pulling lost able service. But Death Valley

DAD FAIRBANKS' -



At left, Celestia and Ralph Fairbanks at Annabella, Utah in 1901.

THE LAST TIME I talked with my father, R. J. "Dad" Fairbanks, he was in a Hollywood convalescent home. He died there thirty-two years ago.

On what was to be our last visit he was eager, as usual, to know everything about the business he had left behind in Baker, California so I gave him all the details—from a financial accounting to whether or not the cook was "putting out eatable grub" in the restaurant.

That afternoon I saw my father as much more than a legend in the folklore of the Death Valley country, a favorite subject of feature writers who liked to spin dramatic yarns about his expertise with a six-gun, his fantastic skill in a poker game, the scores of tenderfeet he had rescued from death in the desert, and his exploits as an early-day teamster, prospector, saloonkeeper and merchant.

He was no longer just "Dad," the unquestionable authority who made all the major decisions in our lives; or the stern patriarch whose tall, thin body was wrinkled like old leather from years of exposure to the desert sun, and whose black vest sagged heavily on one side until he unbuttoned it to remove a large black wallet stuffed with bills. Neither was he merely the flamboyant figure

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wanderers out of the grip of the pitiless desert," and it's true that he performed a remark-
was only part of the Fairbanks saga . . .

DESERT MAN

By BETTY FAIRBANKS LISLE
as told to
CELESTA LOWE
Photos Courtesy Author

Above, two of Dad Fairbanks' 14-mule freight teams on a run between Tonopah and Goldfield, Nevada about 1904. Below, Fairbanks with Panamint Tom's wife, the person who showed him where to find the rich filter-clay. Taken at Shoshone, California about 1910.

whose exploits had been seized upon by writers and written up in a sensational style. He was a lot more than I had been aware of as a child and a lot more than reporters had suspected.

Circumstances thrust my father into the limelight. By 1910 he knew Death Valley "like a blind man knows his own house," and it was about that time that he rescued his first white man in the Valley. Dad once complained that more people knew him for his rescue efforts than knew him for his success in prospecting and merchandising.

In an interview with a newspaper reporter he told of his initial involvement: "Blackie Dare was the first man I fetched out of the Valley nearer dead than alive. I went in after Blackie on the same tip that I've since gone in after lots of others. The usual tip is that a prospector or somebody has gone into the Valley intending to be gone a certain number of days, and then failed to show up when their time was done.

"So it was with Dare. Some of his relatives got worried about him and asked me to go after him. I went. It took me two days to track him down and find him, and when I found him he was almost gone. I found him about nine miles

below Owl Hole with his shirt torn off, and down on his prayer bones clawing at the sand. After I found him it wasn't much of a rescue. I watered him and fetched him back to Shoshone in a wagon."

Dad told the reporter that as nearly as he could recollect he had brought out twenty-five people alive, including two women who attempted to drive through the Valley in the summer; had brought out fifteen dead ones; and had found and buried five bodies on the Valley floor.

"With one exception," he said, "I've found every dead man I ever looked for in Death Valley by watching the buzzards. If I'm looking for a dead man, or a live one that stands a good chance of being dead, I begin by looking for soaring buzzards. The coyote's another varmint that'll bear watching when you're looking for a lost man.

"The only time the buzzards didn't lead me to a dead man was when I found Jim Baxter's body in 1912. Baxter turned up missing on a prospecting trip in the Valley, and an Indian by the name of Tom Weeds and me went in after him. Weeds found his trail and we tracked him down to find him—dead. We pulled his body out of the shaft of an abandoned mine.

"We don't know to this day whether he crawled into the shaft and died of natural causes or just what might have happened. It's a sure thing he didn't die from thirst, for we found his outfit and he had plenty of water and food. My theory is that Baxter set off a blast to blow down some samples of ore. He then went into the shaft too soon and was suffocated by dynamite fumes."

IF it is possible for a person to inherit a certain kind of character from an ancestor, then Ralph Jacobus Fairbanks probably derived his from old Jonathan Fairbanks, who brought his family to America in 1633. It could also have come from his mother, Susan Manderville Fairbanks, who was descended from the Dutch who colonized Manhattan Island shortly after Henry Hudson's explorations.

His parents were among the first converts to Mormonism, emigrating from Vermont to Utah Territory in 1847. Ralph (who was seldom to be called that name after reaching adulthood) was born in Payson, Utah ten years later.

The boy got his first taste of pioneering when his parents answered the call of their Church to colonize in Southern Nevada. They were among the families who settled St. Joseph on the Muddy River in June 1865. Ralph was too young to participate in the Indian fighting or the daredevil escapades his older brother Brooks talked about, but he did learn a lot about farming and survival in a desolate land.

Ralph made several trips to the Gass Ranch in Las Vegas Valley, once in the company of the famous Jacob Hamblin. It was on one of these trips that he saw the Paiute Indian, Chief Tecopa, and spent an afternoon playing beside Las Vegas Creek with the Chief's young son, Johnny. Another time Brooks and Ralph went with a group from Bonnelli's Landing on the Colorado River to Fort Mojave, camping along the way at Fort Callville, El Dorado Canyon, and Cottonwood Island.

Ralph was ten years old when his family returned to the old farm in Payson. Their home seemed unbelievably luxurious after the meager existence of the missionaries in Southern Nevada. Once back in Utah, David Fairbanks built a schoolhouse on his place and hired a tutor to hold classes for his children.

Ralph wasn't particularly interested in schooling, so he quit after finishing the eighth grade. By then he had gained a thorough knowledge of the Ute and Shoshone languages and could speak Spanish fluently enough that he was often called upon to act as interpreter for Mexican traders passing through their village.

During his boyhood Ralph worked at many jobs—everything from pitching hay to blacksmithing. He grew to a husky six feet, two inches; he could work all day, dance most of the night, and be ready to go out with the field hands again the next morning. He was sixteen when he took a job as clerk in the Payson Mercantile Store, recalling later that the few years he worked there were the best education of his life. It was in the mercantile store that he met Brigham Young, who was quite different from the idealistic picture the boy had of the Church leader. He also became well acquainted with John D. Lee, who was later executed for the Mountain Meadows massacre in Southern Utah. But one of the most important lessons he learned was that it was the merchant rather than the farmer who usually had some money to jingle in his pocket.

Members of the gang now known as "The Wild Bunch" often rode into Payson for a night of fun. Several of them were boys Ralph had known all his life, so he usually joined them for poker games. Mormons are prohibitionists but there was whiskey to be had in town and

Mother Fairbanks and her daughters. Left to right: Two unidentified men holding Venola (age 5) on a burro; Stella; an unidentified lady; Mother Fairbanks; and Betty. Taken at Fairbanks Springs, Nevada in 1905.

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the boys drank their share of it. Another of their favorite pastimes was horse racing, and Ralph and his brothers spent much of their leisure grooming their horses for the contests against the fellows who rode in from the back country.

RALPH had just passed his eighteenth birthday when a wagontrain loaded with supplies for the Mormon mission in San Bernardino stopped in Payson to pick up a load of sorghum molasses, and to sign on a few more swampers. When the train pulled out, Ralph and Brooks were among the crew, each riding a horse and leading a pack mule loaded with their camping gear.

The night before the boys left, Ralph and fifteen-year-old Celestia Johnson, daughter of the local hat-maker, took a long walk under the cottonwood trees lining the Payson River. It was then they made plans to be married when the wagontrain returned. (During the years that followed, Celestia was to learn that the man she loved was never going to be a homebody, that their life together would be one of adventure and change.)

By 1876 the Mormon Trail from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles was well established, with all of the hazards having been defined by earlier travelers. The train made good time to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they laid over a few days to repair the wagons, shoe the horses and replenish their supplies.

While the older teamsters rested up for the hard road ahead, Ralph and Brooks took advantage of their free time to explore Vegas Valley. Johnny Tecopa, who was working as a ranch hand for O. D. Gass, volunteered to show them the way to the Kyle Ranch, a few miles north. All the while Johnny Tecopa was saddling up, he was bragging that his mustang had outrun every horse in the valley; at the same time Ralph was telling about all the races his big white stallion had won. Naturally, they had to race to settle the matter. By the time the boys were ready to start every man on the ranch had gathered around. There was very little cash in the crowd, but all kinds of possessions were being wagered on the outcome.

Johnny Tecopa won the race. But when Ralph or Brooks told the story later they always laughed, "It was only because he knew all the shortcuts through the brush!"

When the wagontrain pulled out, the crew was minus a lot of personal gear such as knives, spurs, and lasso ropes. It was soon discovered, too, that one of the Indians had taken a fancy to Ralph's white stallion.

The first night out of Las Vegas, Ralph and Brooks drew night herd duty. The hours before midnight had been uneventful, so they decided to take turns getting some sleep. Turning their horses in with the rest of the stock, the boys sat down on a knoll above their camp.

Ralph was dozing peacefully when Brooks nudged him awake just in time to see a man leap on Ralph's white horse and start the entire remuda galloping off down the wash. Brooks grabbed his rifle and was shooting as he ran. When Ralph overtook him, he was kneeling over the body of an Indian man.

"I got this s-o-b — now let's go get the stock!" Brooks said.

By then the entire camp was awake and starting off on foot to find the horses. It was well after dawn before the stock was gathered up, the dead Indian buried, and the wagontrain ready to roll out.

The rest of the trip to San Bernardino was uneventful as far as Indian raids were concerned, but for Ralph Fairbanks it was the beginning of an intimate association with a country that would be his home for the rest of his life.

Above, Celestia and Ralph Fairbanks at Baker, California in 1936.

AT Resting Springs he met the notorious frontiersman Philander Lee, whose brothers-in-law Panamint Tom and Hungry Bill would figure prominently in Ralph's later activities in Death Valley. His first experience in that fearsome stretch was when the train spent

A poker game in progress in the "Snake Room" at Shoshone.

a day at Saratoga Springs, pulling out for Daggett just before sundown in order to cross the Valley during the night.

Several weeks later on their return, they were camped at Caliente, Nevada when a couple of young men from Utah rode in. They were on their way to Pioche to look for work in the mines, they said, and urged Ralph and Brooks to join them. After some serious considering, Ralph sent a note to Celestia saying that this was too good an opportunity to miss, and that he'd be home as soon as he made a stake.

The stories of sudden wealth proved to be untrue, since the mining boom in Lincoln County, Nevada was on the decline by the time the Fairbanks boys arrived on the scene. Not finding work in the mines, they decided to go prospecting.

"We jackassed around over most of Nevada from Idaho to the Colorado River. We sure didn't hit it rich, but I got my feet toughened and learned the ropes of a prospector's life," Ralph said when he talked about that winter.

Every camp they hit had saloons and gambling games. Before the winter ended, Ralph had developed a reputation of a first-rate poker player, as well as a man who could quit drinking when he'd had as much as he could handle like a gentleman. It was commonplace for him to see ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand dollars change hands over a table between a few rounds of drinks.

When Ralph returned to Payson in the spring he not only had a sizeable bankroll but he had found a way of life that suited him; one that made the simple farming communities of Utah seem completely uninteresting, but he was in love.

The charms of the lovely Mormon girl won out. During the summer of 1877 Ralph built a home on some of his father's land near Payson, and in September he and Celestia were married.

During the first winter the money he had brought home from the Nevada mining camps was invested in mules, wagons, and other equipment. Before the year was over he had an established business as a freighter.

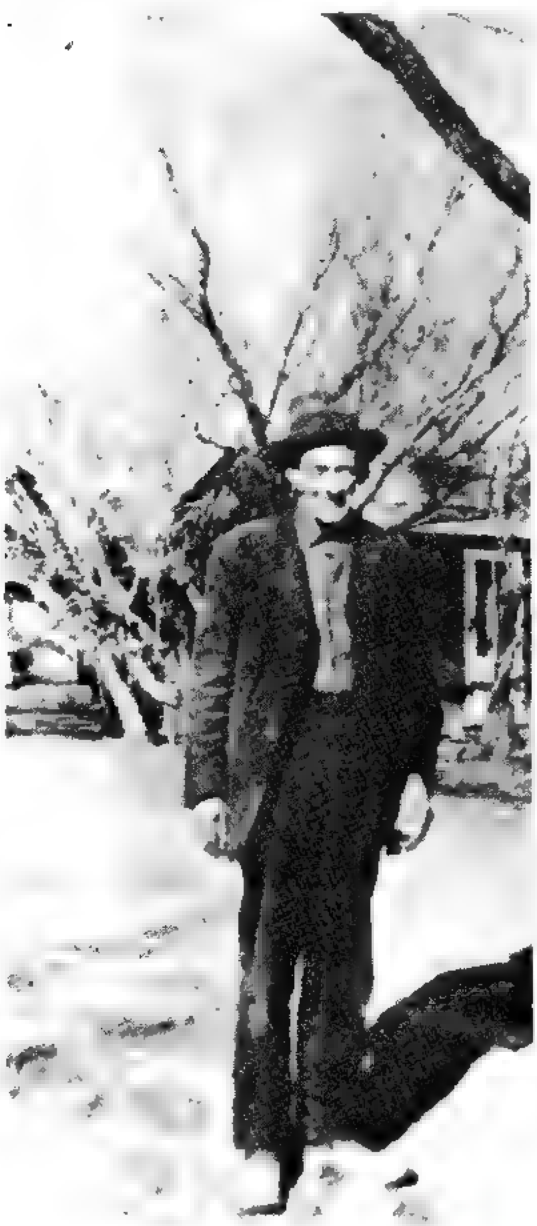
Ralph was twenty-three years old when construction of the Utah Southern Railroad was started, and he got the contract to grade the roadbed from Salt Lake City to Milford. Celestia stayed on the farm with their growing family, seeing Ralph only when he returned to Payson for supplies.

In 1883 Ralph and his older brother Joseph were among those called by the Mormon Church to establish a new colony on the Sevier River in Southern Utah. Joseph Fairbanks was designated as leader of the colony.

Ralph and Celestia had four small sons, a comfortable home in Payson, and were considered fairly well-to-do. She was devoted to the Church, but he was not the kind of a man to take Mormonism or any other religion very seriously. So, while Celestia considered it an honor to be chosen for a Church Mission, Ralph accepted because he had seen the good farmlands of the Sevier Valley and felt that it would be a wise move for the family.

He went ahead to file on a homestead near the village of Annabella and had a two-room log cabin built by the time Celestia and the children arrived a few weeks later. Since Ralph was admittedly not a farmer, his responsibility to the colony was to haul logs from the mountains for the building of houses, fences, farm buildings, and for firewood.

Ralph Fairbanks at Shoshone.



RALPH was given the nickname "Dad" by the Ute Indians the first year they lived in Sevier Valley. Since he could speak the Ute language, Chief Wapahnnie often came to him for help in solving problems, not only with the white settlers but with disputes among his own people. Celestia and the children called Ralph "Dad," so the Indians assumed that was his name and he became "Dad" to all of them—and eventually to almost everyone who knew him.

The Indians were generally friendly but serious trouble erupted on occasion, and Chief Wapahnnie was killed in one of these incidents. The Indians had stolen a band of horses from the Mormons' community pasture and driven them to a stronghold in the mountains. A posse was sent out to retrieve the stock, and Wapahnnie was shot during the confusion. The Indians immediately went on the warpath and an all-out war was threatened.

Ralph, Celestia and the children were just sitting down to supper when one of Wapahnnie's men pulled his pony to a skidding halt before the front door.

"Dad, come out!" he called.

Ralph talked to the fellow for a few moments, then told Celestia he was going to Wapahnnie's camp.

"Somebody's got to stop this before we all get killed, and I think I can do it," he declared.

Ralph talked far into the night with the Indians, persuading them it was folly to risk any more lives in an attempt to avenge Chief Wapahnnie's death. They finally agreed and, as he left, the Mormon men who were waiting outside the camp heard Wapahnnie's son say, "So long, Dad. You're a good Mormonee."

From then on Ralph Fairbanks was called Dad by everyone, even his older brother Joseph.

In 1890 the Oregon Short Line took over the Utah Southern Railroad, with plans to extend the rails south from Milford, Utah to Pioche, Nevada. Ralph was ready with his mule teams, scraper wagons and crew.

He was thirty-two when he hired out as a sub-contractor to build a roadbed for the new line. It happened that the road ended not at Pioche, as planned, but several miles south in Condor Canyon. So for the next several years Ralph and his older sons ran a regular freight line, hauling ore from the mills at Bullionville and Pioche to the railhead. Although it was grueling work, the boys acquired their father's love of the open desert, along with a taste for the boisterous life of the mining camps.

At the turn of the century Las Vegas, Nevada was only a sprawling ranch with an Indian camp and a few prospectors' tents clustered nearby. The Clark Line, a railroad that was to connect Salt Lake City with Los Angeles, was only a rumor when Dad Fairbanks and his sons hauled two wagonloads of timber to a mine north of the ranch.

After the load was delivered they made camp in Beatty to rest the team and to find a payload for the return trip. It was then that Dad made his real acquaintance with Death Valley, and he told the story to a newspaper reporter some years later.

"MY second trip into Death Valley was in 1898. I believe I learned more about Death Valley in a different way than any other prospector who's ever gone in before. Death Valley had a bad reputation. A lot of prospectors had left their bones there, and I got down on the Valley floor when two of the original Jayhawker wagons were still standing.

"Instead of going in and trying to learn by making a lot of crazy mistakes, I

(Continued on page 49)

LICENSED TO UNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIDNIGHT RIDE on BLACK DEVIL

By NEIL JEFFERSON
as told to MAURENE McDONALD

Illustrated by
Homer Norris

No boy ever had a greater incentive to stay on the back of a horse — outside of an Indian chase — and to young Neil his situation was about as desperate!

I STAYED with my uncle's family a good part of the time after my father died when I was just a small boy. He owned a ranch in West Texas. We had no neighbors. The post office was twelve miles away and mail was scarce in those days.

Starting out on the tenth day of April 1899, we drove a herd of cattle and a chuckwagon from Cherokee in San Saba County to what was to become Schleicher County. We drove the cattle right through the towns while the merchants stood in their doorways or on the sidewalks and watched us pass.

There was little to interfere with our drive. The road was just a winding wagon trail. We seldom met anyone. There were no houses in sight and the land had yet to know the feel of a plow. We arrived at the old Vigo Cattle Company headquarters ranch on April 25, and our surroundings could aptly be described as the "Wild West." There was a band of wild horses on the range, wiry mustangs that belonged to no one; plus deer and antelope, wolves and cats, not to mention the troublesome prairie dogs that were everywhere. Cunning little sinners they were.

I stayed on through the winter and helped out at my uncle's ranch, while the family went to San Angelo to send the children to school. I gained valuable experience in riding and roping, branding and doctoring, as I worked with the stock during those long winter months. When the family returned after school was out, I knew that my uncle had no special need of me, with five boys of his own growing up. I had felt for some time that I should be out on my own, yet I dreaded the thought of being alone, with no name, no job, no money and limited education, just wandering aimlessly about.

When news came that Mr. Loftin wanted a man to work on his ranch, I saw my chance. I saddled up my horse and hurried over to see him about it. It was seventeen miles, through rough pastures. My horse wasn't shod and went lame on the rocks, so I couldn't travel as fast as I wanted to. It was a little late when I got there.

I had met Mr. Loftin at two roundups, but had never been on his ranch. There were fine Herefords in the water lot and Mr. Loftin was watering a big bay stallion out at the barn. I told him I was from the Barkley Ranch, the old Steeple O outfit, and he said, "Yes, I remember you. Do you like ranching?"

"Yes sir, I like it very much, all of it." I mentioned that I had heard he needed a man to work on his place.

"You bet, I do need a man; that is, I did need a man, but my foreman, Mr. Hobbs, went to San Angelo this morning for supplies and I told him to hire someone and bring him back. I'm sorry I didn't know about you, and that you wanted a job."

"Well, Mr. Loftin, if I can get to a telephone and call the foreman and tell him you have already hired a man, will that be all right with you?"

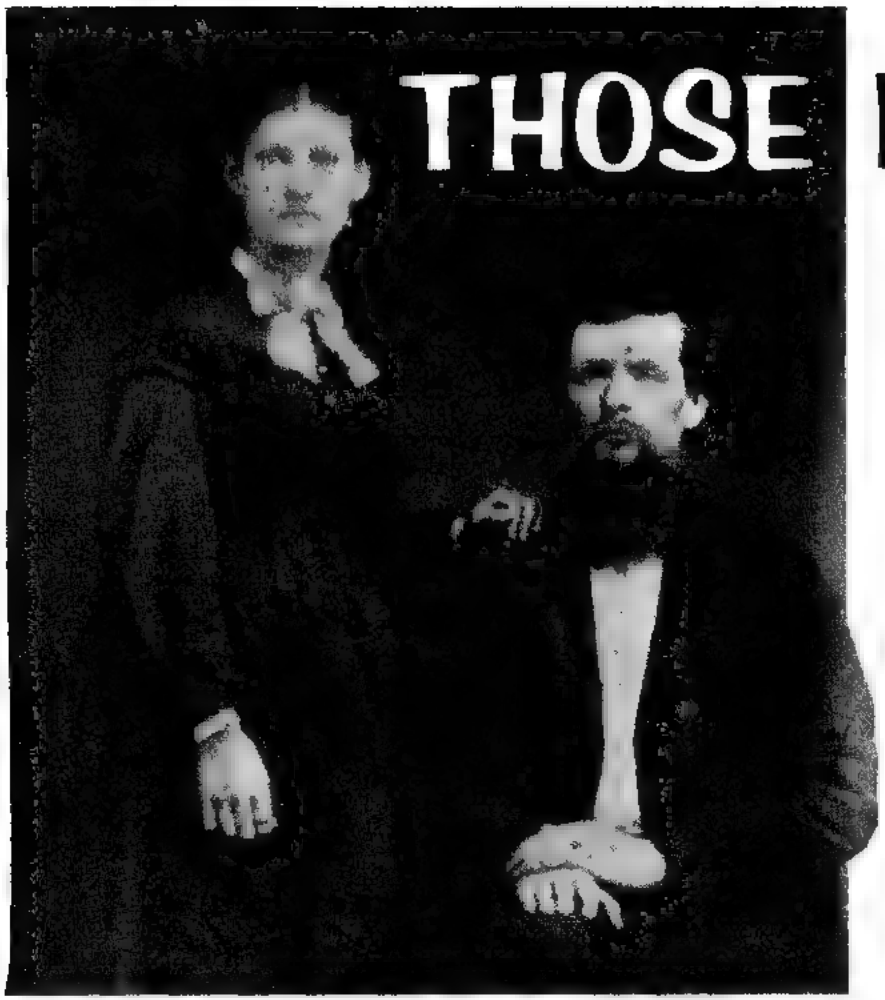
"Sure, that would be all right with me."

"Would you give me the job?"

"Yes sir, I would, and pay you well.

(Continued on page 36)

THOSE MARRYIN'



Courtesy Irvine Colyn Collection

When a family tree gets as heavy laden with apples as this one, a few boughs are bound to break under the strain!

By GLENN G. BOYER
Photos Courtesy Author

At left, Newton Jasper Earp and wife, Nancy Jane Adam Earp, about 1870.

At right, Lorenzo Dow Earp, brother of Nicholas Porter Earp.

Below, Virginia Ann Cooksey Earp.

Courtesy Mrs. O. H. Marquis

WE'VE got to conclude that the Earp men weren't woman-haters unless they were long on self-punishment. The patriarch of the clan, Nicholas Porter Earp, father of the scrapping boys, had three wives. His most famous son, Wyatt, had three. And, though it may come as a surprise, Virgil also had three. What's more, the paperwork on the wife few have heard of before (No. Two) is very much available. This, perhaps, would have been a jolt to Virgil's third wife, Allie. She didn't seem to have so much as a certificate with which to apply for a pension. She *had* found out all about Virgil's hush-hush first marriage and big-heartedly forgave him for that slight case of bigamy, but one wonders what her reaction would have been if she'd heard of the second. Perhaps she had; if so, she kept it mighty mum.

Half-brother Newton Earp married only twice (for the record) and was the only one of the boys to carry on the family name (as distinguished from carrying on the blood line). Morgan Earp, like his older brothers Virgil and Wyatt, seemed to tend toward common-law alliances. Jim, the oldest of the full brothers, only married once.

Information on old man (Nick) Earp's marriages is available from his U.S. pension records. This information from the family Bible was so entered. He indicates his birth as having been in North Carolina, September 6, 1813. He first married Abigail Storm on December 22, 1836 in Hartford (Ohio County), Kentucky. Interestingly, Abigail's sister Elizabeth married Nick's brother Josiah on April 17, 1837, also in Ohio County and yet another sister, Nancy, married brother Lorenzo on December 25, 1834.

From Nick's first marriage there were two children. The first born was Newton Jasper on October 7, 1837. Newt was the almost invisible half-brother who lived in the shadow of the Fighting Earp Boys in all the tales, be they fact or fantasy. Next born was Mariah Ann on February 12, 1839. She apparently lived less than a year, but there is some confusion in the record; it states she lived ten months and a day, but gives the contradictory date of death as January 5, 1839. This should have been December 13, 1839 if the birth and age information are correct. Her mother Abigail died on October 8, 1839 at age twenty-six.

After Nick's wife died he apparently spent a hard cold winter, nursing young Newt on a "pap rag," and probably nursing himself on a jug. He didn't marry again until July 30, 1840, this time to Virginia Ann Cooksey, who became the mother of the Fighting Earp Boys. Virginia was nineteen; born February 2, 1821. Their children were:

Name	*Where born*	*Date*	*Where Died*	*Year*
James Cooksey Earp	Hartford, Ky.	Jun 28, 1841	Los Angeles	1926
Virgil Walter Earp	Hartford, Ky.	Jul 11, 1843	Goldfield, Nev.	1905
Martha Elizabeth	Hartford, Ky.	Sep 25, 1845	Pella, Ia.	1856
Wyatt Barry Stapp	Monmouth, Ill.	Mar 19, 1848	Los Angeles	1929
Morgan S. Earp	Pella, Iowa	Apr 24, 1851	Tombstone, A. T.	1882
Baxter W. Earp	Pella, Iowa	Mar 9, 1855	Willcox, A. T.	1900
Virginia Ann Earp	Pella, Iowa	Feb 28, 1858	Pella, Ia.	1861
Adelia Douglas Earp	Pella, Iowa	Jun 16, 1861	Los Angeles	1941

EARP MEN

Above, the Newton Earp family about 1885. Left to right: Nancy Jane (Adam) Earp (standing); Alice Abigail Earp; Wyatt Clyde Earp; Effie May Earp (seated); Virgil Edwin Earp; and Newton J. Earp (their daughter, Mary Elizabeth, not in photo).

NICK'S second marriage lasted fifty-three years. Virginia Ann died in San Bernardino, California on January 14, 1893. Her granddaughter, Estelle Miller (Adelia Earp's daughter) told me in 1965 that Virginia Ann surely was one of the sweetest people who ever lived. It must have been a sad day for her loved ones when she passed out of this world. Wyatt's last wife recorded in her memoirs, also, that till the day he died Wyatt's eyes would mist with tears whenever he thought of his mother.

The third Mrs. Nicholas Earp wasn't born until two years after Nick had married Virginia. No. 3 was twenty-nine years younger than her husband, whereas Virginia had been only six. Annie Alexander was born July 20, 1842 at Buckingham, England. She and Nick were married October 14, 1893. This marriage lasted until Nick's death on November 12, 1907 at the Soldier's Home at Sawtelle, California where he is buried.

Newton Earp (or "Newt the Good," as my friend, the old Texas ridge-runner Ed Bartholomew, calls him) was the oldest of Nick's sons but was not the first to marry; Virgil was. But perhaps it will be best to dispose of Newton's and Jim's prosaic marriages before getting to the flamboyant ones.

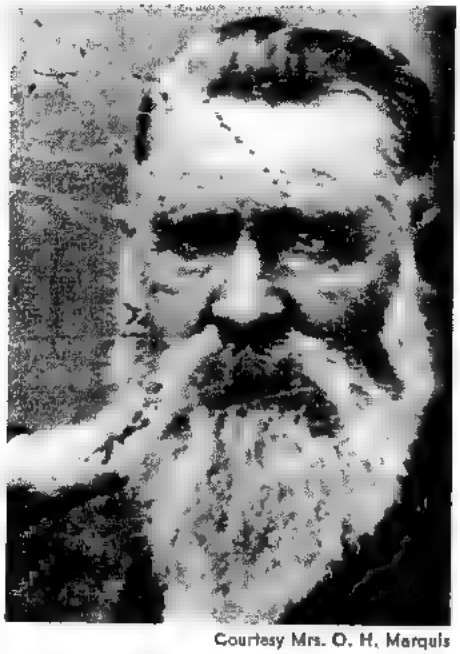
Newt married Nancy Jane Adam, according to his pension record, at Philadelphia (Marion County) Missouri on September 12, 1865. Their children were:

Name	*Birth Date*
Effie May Earp	May 6, 1870
Wyatt Clyde Earp	Aug 25, 1872
Mary Elizabeth Earp	Aug 25, 1875
Alice Abigail Earp	Dec 18, 1878
Virgil Edwin Earp	Apr 19, 1880

The latter two children were known to me personally on a casual and letter-writing basis. Ed Bartholomew believes that Newt never forgave Wyatt for beating him in the 1870 election for constable at Lamar, Missouri, but it hardly seems likely, if that were so, that Newt would have named a child after Wyatt only two years later. The marriage ended with the March 29, 1898 death of Nancy Jane. There must have been something about those Earp boys' women because Newt's cousin George W. Earp described Nancy Jane as the sweetest woman he'd ever been around, and he was in a position to know, having lived a long while with Newt's family in Kansas. (Just as an aside, Newt's son Virgil Edwin Earp appeared on television's "The $64,000 Question" program several times shortly before his death.)

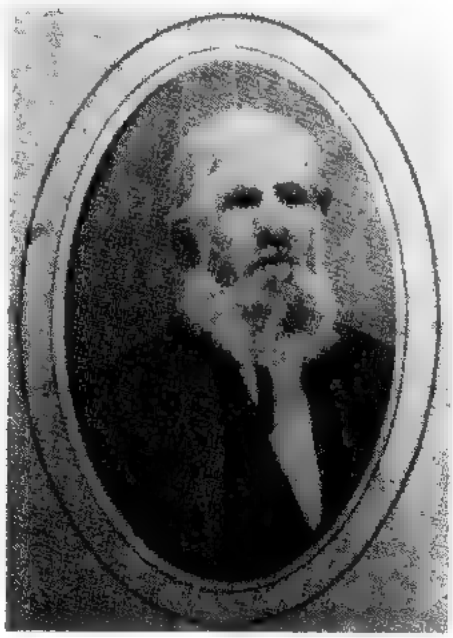
James Cooksey (Jim) Earp, based on his pension record, stated he married Nellie Bartlett and added in parentheses ("Nellie Ketcham when I married her"). She was then a widow or divorcee. The wedding he said, was performed by a justice of the peace at an unstated location in Illinois on April 18, 1873. I had a check run on the two most likely Illinois counties where the marriage might have taken place, Henderson and Warren, and drew a blank. This proves nothing, but knowing the Earp proclivities in the case of his brothers, Wyatt and Virgil, I

Below, Nicholas Porter Earp.

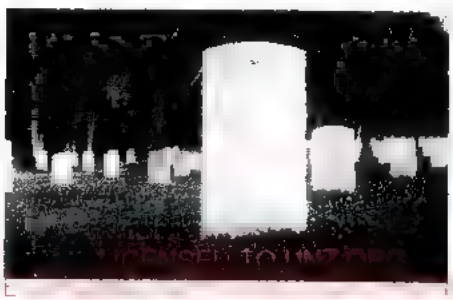


Courtesy Mrs. O. H. Marquis

Below, Josiah Jackson Earp, another of Nicholas' brothers.



Nicholas Porter Earp's gravesite at Sawtelle, California.



wouldn't be surprised if Jim's marriage preparations consisted mostly of his yelling: "Hop in quick, I'm headed West!"

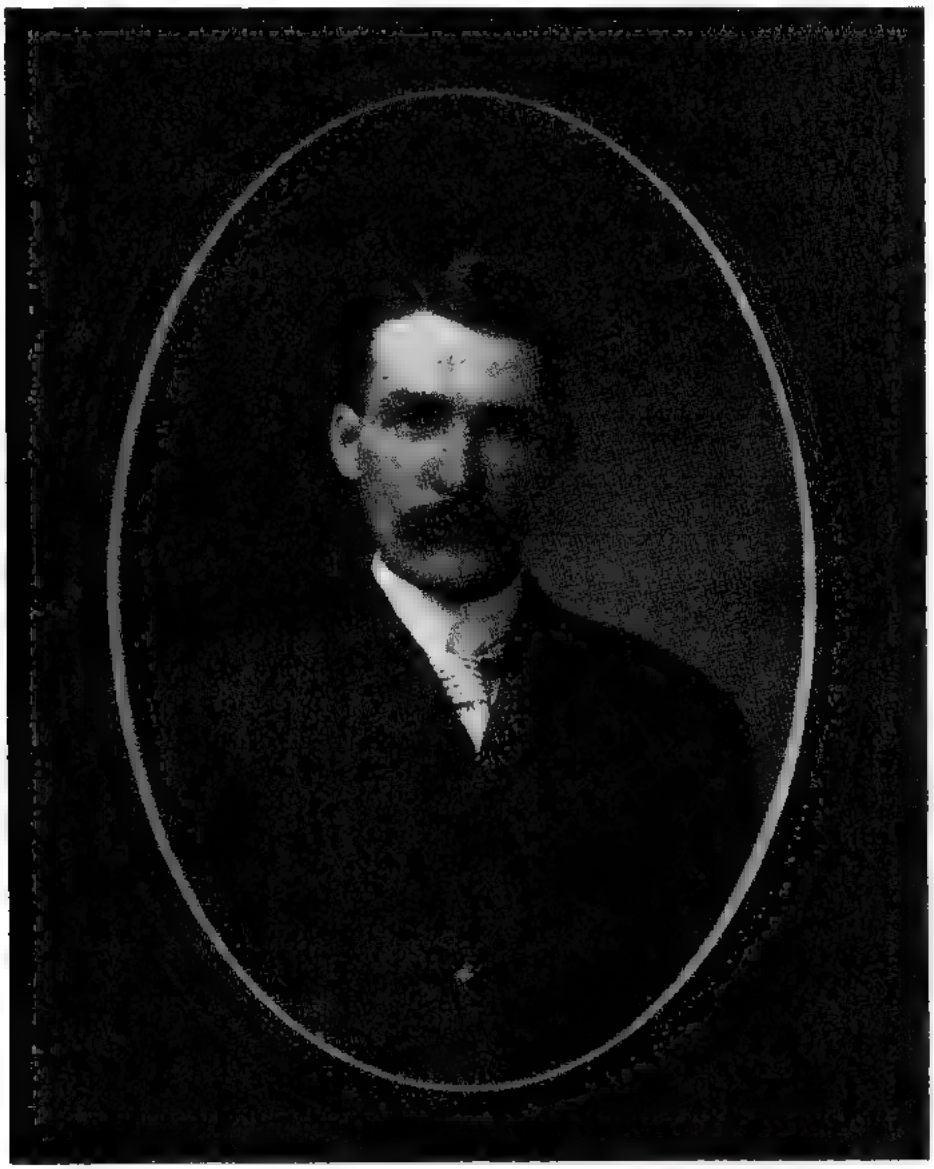
Jim's pension data lists two children: Frank born in 1874, and Hattie in 1875. This is questionable. Mrs. Virgil Earp told Frank Waters that James had a stepdaughter, Hattie, age about sixteen in 1880 at Tombstone. The 1880 census confirms this. Also the Tombstone *Epitaph* listed the killing of Jim Earp's step-son, Frank Ketchum, by Apaches in 1885. Frank was a freighter at the time and at least in his very late teens by then. Why those Earp boys were evasive one can't say. It appears there was nothing to conceal here.

To lend further confusion, Mrs. Hildreth Hallowell, Virgil Earp's niece, says that her Aunt Allie (Mrs. Virgil Earp) as well as the Earp boys, all referred to Jim's wife, Nellie, as Bessie. The 1875 Kansas special census for Wichita lists a Bessie Earp, although not living at the same address as Jim and Wyatt; her occupation is listed as "sporting." Was this our Bessie? Furthermore, listed with her was a Sally Earp. Knowing the uncertainties of census taking, it doesn't stretch credibility too far to conjecture that Sally was mis-heard by the census enumerator for Seally, which was what close associates called Wyatt's second wife, Celia Ann Blaylock. She is even listed as Seally in an early Iowa census before she left home. For those who know her only as Mattie, Joe Snell of the Kansas Historical Society told me he'd done a frequency analysis of the names assumed by prostitutes in the cowtowns, and positions one, two and three came out as Mattie, Hattie, and Fannie.

Since the marriage record of Morgan Earp, as far as I know, is short, perhaps this is a good place to fit him in. According to Fred Holladay, who is doing a biography of Nicholas Earp, Morgan and his wife Louisa (age 25, born in Wisconsin) were listed as living with Nick Earp at Temescal, California in the San Bernardino County (Calif.) 1880 census. Mrs. Virgil Earp (Aunt Allie) told Frank Waters that Morgan was married to one "Lou" in Tombstone. Lou accompanied Morg's body back to Colton, California for burial after he was murdered in Tombstone in March 1882. The Tucson papers confirm that there was another woman with Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Earp on the train bearing Morg's body. Aunt Allie said that she lost track of Lou after she'd stayed at the Earp home in Colton for awhile then drifted away.

So far as I've been able to tell, the youngest brother, Baxter Warren Earp, was never wed.

This is the only known photo of Baxter Warren Earp, youngest of the Earp boys.



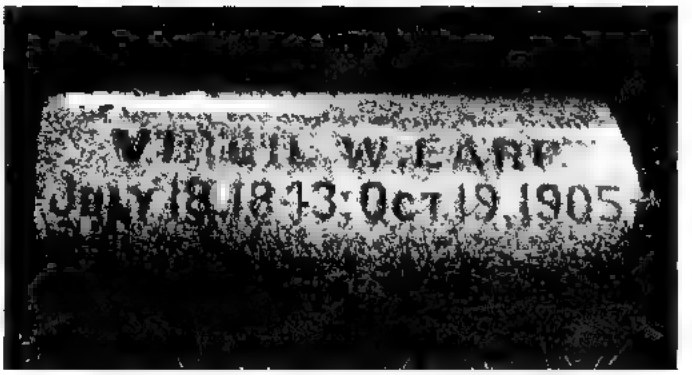
THE FIRST really intriguing marriage record among the Nicholas P. Earp blood brothers is Virgil's. It is unique and perhaps even more fascinating than Wyatt's. This may be accounted for by Virge's personality. Despite embroidery by those who know little about the man except that he was involved in a famous shooting in Tombstone once, Virge was a jolly extrovert. Wyatt may have been handsomer but Virge had the warmth that attracted all kinds of people. His niece, Estelle, whom the Virgil Earps had once tried to persuade her mother Adelia to let them adopt, made her comparison in a few pointed words. She told me, "We liked our Uncle Wyatt all right, but Uncle Virge was the pick of us kids."

Apparently Virgil's marital merry-go-round started in 1861 because he was the choice of a big-eyed little Dutch kid in skirts back in the New Amsterdam-like community of Pella, Iowa where the N. P. Earps had resided since 1850. Virge was eighteen. The rub was that old Nick Earp had his reservations about "furriners," as did the rest of the clan to some degree, perhaps accentuated by their being Southerners by birth.

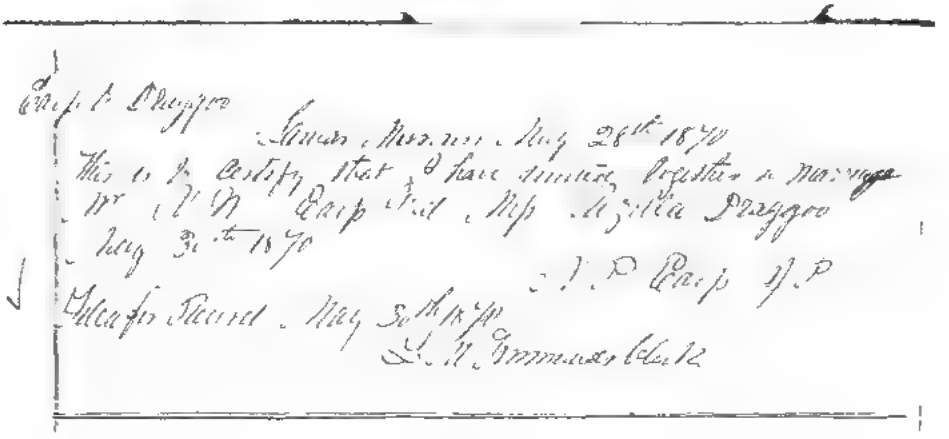
The "reservations" feeling was mutual, so we are safe in assuming that Ellen Rysdam had her problems when she told her Dutch family she'd like to marry an American—especially one of those wild Earp boys. Old-timers' recollections confirm the "wild" part; the Earp antics seem to have served the town almost like a circus. This tendency is reaffirmed, as will develop, when the Earp circus set up its three rings at Lamar, Missouri some ten years later. They were a "real tough family" but jolly—they hardly ever lost their tempers when they flattened your nose or knocked your teeth out, usually grinning instead of frowning at their work.

This situation precluded a marriage with family blessings from either side. The result was an elopement to nearby

Below, Virgil Earp's daughter, Nellie Jane (by his first wife, Ellen Rysdam) and her husband, L. O. Bohn.



Above, Virgil Earp's tombstone in Riverview Cemetery at Portland, Oregon. At left, an illustration from the *Portland Oregonian* which accompanied an article about Virgil Earp's reunion with his first wife and daughter. Below, the official marriage record of Virgil Earp to Rozella Dragoo, Virgil's second wife. Exactly what became of her is not known.



Knoxville, where the marriage is recorded as between Walter (his middle name) Earp and Ellen Donahoo (an assumed last name) on 9/21/1861. But they couldn't possibly have kept the affair a secret. It was twenty-one miles to Knoxville, hardly within a one-day's round trip by buggy without killing the horses.

Virge, within the year, went back to the Illinois Earps at Monmouth and signed up for the Civil War in Co. C, 83rd Illinois Infantry. He was mustered in on July 26, 1862 and was on active duty till discharged on June 26, 1865 at Chicago. Much had happened back at the old Earp homestead in Pella in the meantime. For one thing the family had migrated westward, reaching the oasis of San Bernardino, California in December 1864. N. P. Earp had disgustedly separated his family from the superpatriotic Dutch who didn't cotton to his secessionist sentiments. However, the ill feeling between the Earps and Rysdams did abate long enough to deceive Virgil into believing that Ellen no longer had any interest in him, and to deceive her into believing Virgil had been killed.

Ellen then married John Von Rossen. They first moved to Kansas City, then to Oregon in 1864. Von Rossen died soon after, and in 1866 she married Thomas J. Eaton who lived until 1891. Both of these gentlemen proved kind enough to nurture her dowry, Nellie Jane Earp, Virgil's daughter.

Actually Virgil had kept tabs on Ellen and his daughter ever since shortly after the war when he learned of the deception that had been pulled on him. The illustrations from the Portland *Oregonian* at the time of Virgil's reunion with them in 1888 accompany this article. Virgil became very close to his daughter, with the full accord of his third wife, Allie. When Virge died of pneumonia at Goldfield, Nevada in October 1905, Allie sent his body to his daughter in Portland, Oregon for burial in the Riverview Cemetery there. She also sent his last six-shooter as a keepsake. (This gun came to me with the late Mrs. Charles A. Colyn's collection, through Earp family sources. Mrs. Colyn lived for years in Portland with her first husband William Irvine and became nationally famous as an Earp researcher while residing there. She bequeathed to me her Earp collection upon her death. The story of the six-shooter is in itself an interesting aside. Mrs. Wyatt Earp the third, who had a short fuse and shrewish tongue, had recently given the pistol to Wyatt to replace a favorite of his she clumsily dropped from a Yukon River steamer while posing for a picture with it. Wyatt, according to his wife's memoirs, claimed the new

The Wyatt Earp home in Pella, Iowa from 1850-1864.

Jonathan Douglas Earp, brother of Nicholas Porter Earp.

pistol consistently shot high, but Virge said he liked the trigger pull and could allow for shooting high, so Wyatt gave it to him. Mrs. Earp was furious. This apparently happened in Goldfield during Virgil's last year alive.)

Ellen Rysdam-Earp-Von Rossen-Eaton died in May 1910. Her daughter by Virgil, Nellie Jane, married L. D. Bohn and lived in Portland till her death June 17, 1930.

MEANWHILE, back on the Oregon Trail, we find Virgil on his way to San Bernardino in the late summer of 1865. He probably hired on with one of the numerous freighting trains as a teamster. He rejoined the family there and did most of the stage driving and freighting that Wyatt has been given credit for.

By 1868 the N. P. Earps had had enough of California for awhile and headed back to the Middle West. They traveled by way of the Mormon cutoff to the U. P. railhead in Wyoming. Here they temporarily lost Virge and Wyatt to jobs on the grading crews. By the time the grading season ended, old Nick had decided to settle at Lamar, Missouri, where his brother Jonathan Douglas resided. As Nick's nephew, Everette Earp of Lamar, observed in a 1954 letter to Mrs. Merritt Beeson of Dodge City's famous Beeson museum: "Lots happened when the Earp boys lived here, but (was) never mentioned. . . ." Everette said a mouthful.

For those who have read that Wyatt was studying law in 1869 under the tutelage of his grandfather, Judge Walter Earp, at Monmouth, Illinois, the accompanying photo of his grandfather's tombstone, recording his death some sixteen years earlier in 1853, should say all that is necessary on this subject.

However, the N. P. Earp family undoubtedly did fort up at Monmouth for the winter of 1868, visiting old Nick's widowed mother, Martha Early Earp. They probably reached Lamar, Missouri around planting time in 1869. As a result, things around there were fated to pick up right smart. (One suspects that Mark Twain's dog, who used to fall out each afternoon to watch Twain's bicycle riding lessons—because there wasn't much for a dog to do around there—would have gone over to the Earp house instead if he'd lived in Lamar.) The boys were as wild as old Nick had been in his youth, and the fire wasn't out yet in the old man either, nor was it destined to be for many years. Nick's granddaughter, Estelle, told me that sometime in the 1890s he was given the ceremonial gold-headed cane awarded to the oldest living member of the San Bernardino County Pioneers' Society. He hadn't had it long when he broke it over someone's head for a real or fancied offense.

Since two marriages of record, one for Wyatt and one for Virge, occurred at Lamar, it will save space to cover them together. Who Virge's second wife, Rosilla Draggoo (or perhaps Rosella), may have been, or what happened to her I don't know. The Barton County 1870 census taken September 3, 1870 lists after Virgil Earp, residing at the N. P. Earp farm: one Rose, age 17, female, white, born in France. Her occupation is given as "at home." Virge is listed as "Grocer." One naturally wonders what the fate of Rose may have been. Did she die? Run away? Was she deserted? If so, this would account for a lack of a record of Virge's ceremonial marriage to his third wife if the second were still alive and undivorced. There is enough mystery about these Earp boys to satisfy anyone—and enough answers to satisfy no one.

Everette Earp, son of the Earp boys' cousin Walter, in his letter to Mrs. Beeson wrote: "Wyatt was married here in Lamar to his first wife when he was constable, to Willa Sutherland. She lived 3½ months and is buried in the East cemetery." (The census on which she appears in September belies this. Also George W. Earp, Everette's cousin, agrees with the census, saying Wyatt's wife lived about a year.) Everette's letter continues: "And Wyatt, Virge,

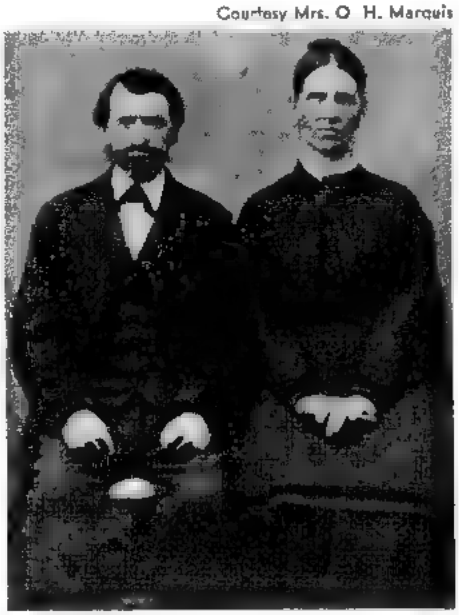
Courtesy Mrs. O. H. Marquis

At left, Mrs. Sarah Marquis, sister of Celia Ann Blaylock Earp, shown with her husband, Hiram. At right, Celia Earp's parents, Henry and Elizabeth Blaylock (Wyatt's in-laws).

Courtesy Mrs. La Vonne Griffin

Above, Aunt Allie (Mrs. Virgil Earp) and Adelia Earp Edwards, the Earp boys' sister, in Los Angeles, 1939.

Courtesy Mrs. O. H. Marquis



Above (left), Walter Earp, the Earp boys' grandfather. On right, Martha Early Earp. At left, Walter Earp's grave at Monmouth, Illinois.

named Wyatt Earp and John Shown can not be found in this District."—Logan H. Root, Marshal, by John Heart, deputy. These records are available in the Ft. Worth Federal Records Center.

Although this could have been some other Wyatt Earp, since others of about his age appear in Civil War records, it's a safe bet this was the frontier marshal himself. The Lamar Earps weren't too certain when their Uncle Nick left there, but his name appears on Jim's pension record as witness in 1872 at Aullville, Missouri, an indication that the N. P. Earps were by then living there, not in Lamar.

Granted this much, certainly two interesting unanswered questions remain: Where were Virgil and Rosilla in 1872? Where was Wyatt? The photo of Wyatt's second wife, Celia Ann Blaylock, and the inscription on the back of it, tend to confirm that he was in Kansas. Born in 1850 at Fairfax, Iowa, she appears to be

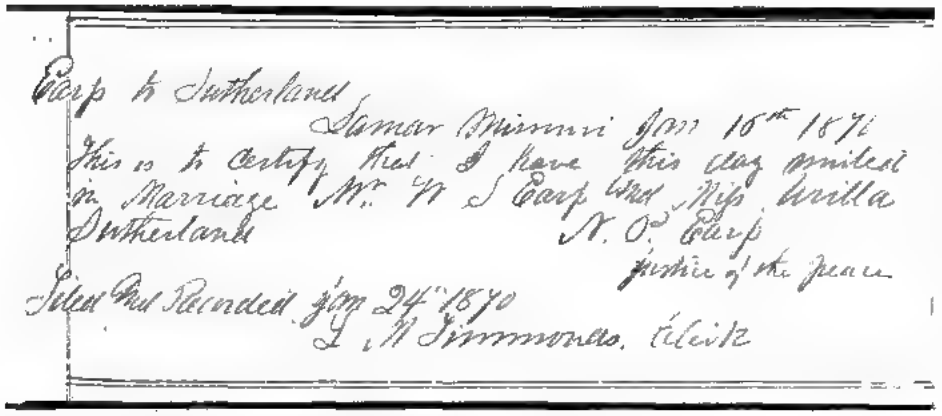
Courtesy Howard Earp and the Irvine-Colyn Collection.

At right, Wyatt Earp as he looked in 1874, early in his marriage to Celia Blaylock.

Morgan and James, after her death, had a 20 minute street fight with her 2 brothers, Fred and Bert Sutherland and 3 Brummet boys, Granville, Loyd and Garden." The 1870 census lists the latter as Jordan.

WE CAN only speculate on Wyatt's reason for pulling out of Lamar, but old Nick's reason probably had to do with being a member of the anti-tax league, as well as defaulting on his note for his farm and being sued.

Somebody had to put up a $500.00 defaulted bail for a Wyatt S. Earp arraigned for horse stealing on March 28, 1871 in the Indian Nations. Five hundred was big money then, perhaps too much to allow for both bail and mortgage payments. The Grand Jury for the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Arkansas at Fort Smith on May 8, 1871 brought an indictment for grand larceny (horse stealing) against Wyatt Earp, John Shown and Ed Kennedy. On June 8, 1871, Judge Story delivered to the marshal a warrant for Earp and Shown for failure to appear. Kennedy appeared and was acquitted at the fall term of court. On November 21, 1871 the marshal returned the warrant on Earp and Shown with the notation: "I certify that the within



Earp to Sutherland

Lamar Missouri Jan 15th 1871

This is to certify, that I have this day united in Marriage Mr. W. S. Earp and Miss Willa Sutherland

N. O. Earp
Justice of the peace

Filed and Recorded Jan 24 1870

L. M. Simmons, Clerk

The official marriage record of Wyatt Earp to Willa Sutherland.

they moved to Ponca Bottom, Nebraska, north of Omaha. She thought that both her mother and father died during the Civil War, but his military record reveals that he must have simply deserted his children, since he survived the war. Mary Norman Sullivan, however, did die in 1862.

Our speculations so far have carried us up to Virgil's third and Wyatt's second wife. It is not definitely known where and when the boys met either of them; it is merely speculative.

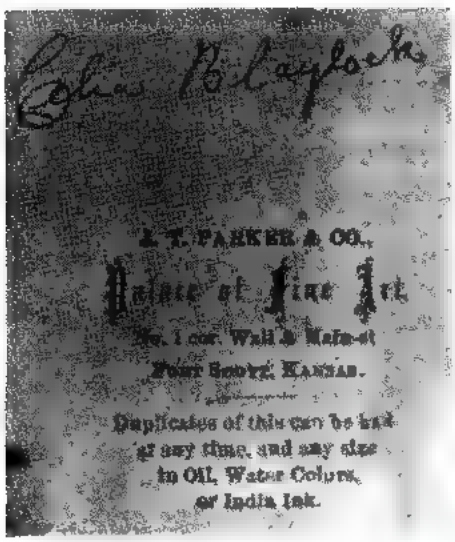
The peregrinations of Wyatt and Virgil after 1874 are reasonably easy to trace. Wyatt has become famous for dramatic encounters with bad guys in Wichita and Dodge City, Kansas during the years 1874 through 1879—some of which probably never happened. The best bet is that he was a reasonably good cop walking a beat in boots. Obviously the people in both towns liked him. While Wyatt was in Dodge City, Virgil moved from Kansas to Prescott, Arizona in 1877; his parents accompanied him and proceeded on to San Bernardino, California.

Virge was still in Prescott in 1879 and moved from there to Tombstone, having

in her early twenties in the photo taken in Ft. Scott.

We are reasonably sure that something happened to Virgil's second wife between September 1870 (census) and 1874 when Virgil was living with Allie. Allie's full name was Alvira Packingham Sullivan. She was born in 1849 at Council Bluffs, Iowa to John B. and Mary Norman Sullivan. Shortly after her birth

Above, Celia Ann Blaylock about the time that Wyatt first met her. At right, Wyatt Earp, from an old tintype taken at Monmouth, Illinois about 1868. Below, the back of Celia Ann's photo, above, shows that it was made at Ft. Scott, Kansas.


Celia Blaylock
L. T. PARKER & CO.,
Palace of Fine Art.
Ft. Scott, Kansas.
Duplicates of this can be had at any time, and any size in Oil, Water Colors, or India Ink.

Celia Ann Earp at Globe, Arizona, about 1885, after Wyatt had left her.

persuaded brothers Jim, Wyatt, and Morgan to settle there also. But for this fateful move we probably would never have heard of the Earp boys.

VIRGE'S third and last wife and Wyatt's second came to Tombstone with them. The men became famous there. Former "grocer" Virgil, in only ten years, graduated to gunfighting marshal of the toughest town in the West. This raises an interesting question. Was the town all that tough? I'm afraid so. It's enough to put one on guard against jolly grocers.

After the pattern of Western towns, the "respectable" businessmen, who pulled the strings behind the scenes in Tombstone, hired the toughest guys around to keep the town peaceful. The tough guys were the Earps. If that filled the cemetery, too bad. The effect on the Earps would have been negligible except that the town was in a notoriously Democratic bailiwick and the aforesaid string-pullers were Republican newcomers. Old Democratic "pol" Johnny Behan and his sidekicks resented the outside competition. Behan became sheriff; his partner John Dunbar, county treasurer; affiliate Harry Woods, under-sheriff and editor of the Democratic newspaper, the *Nugget*.

Behan, a Don Juan with a lifetime record to prove it, had induced an attractive eighteen-year-old girl to forsake her wealthy San Francisco family and become his concubine in Tombstone. When Johnny's constancy started to wane, the young beauty, Josephine Marcus, discovered that Wyatt Earp had a tendency to make Behan look like small potatoes. Human nature being what it is, this undoubtedly rekindled Johnny's interest.

His repentance was fruitless and as is usually the case, at leisure. As an Irishman he was capable of first-class hatreds. Therefore, when the Earps created a few corpses in the course of keeping Tombstone peaceful, Behan's animosity prompted him, as sheriff, to do his best to railroad the Earps. He almost succeeded. If he had, there probably would have been a jailbreak and a new corpse—Behan. As it was, he was lucky to survive Wyatt's suspicion that he himself had engineered Morgan Earp's murder.

The situation culminated in the Earps' banishment, with Morgan dead, Virgil crippled in an ambush, and Wyatt in possession of a new woman. The old one, Celia Ann (Mattie) Blaylock Earp was sent to Colton, California to the Nick Earps' home, presumably to wait for Wyatt to join her. But he never did. She committed suicide on July 4, 1888 at Pinal, A. T., where she had become a dope addicted prostitute. Celia Ann had threatened suicide previously, giving Wyatt's ruining her life as the motive.

Wyatt wandered the West and Alaska after leaving Tombstone, taking his third wife, Josephine Sarah Marcus Earp, along. They roamed through Colorado, Idaho, Texas, New Mexico, California, Nevada, Arizona, Alaska, Mexico, and stopped briefly in many places on the horseracing and gambling circuit. The couple made a substantial fortune in Nome, Alaska, but it was gone by the time Wyatt grew too old to make a suitable income. They ended up living on her family's money.

(Continued on page 36)

Josephine Marcus Earp, Wyatt's third wife, taken the year before her death.

Alvira Sullivan, age 16.

Courtesy Mr. John S. Sullivan

Courtesy Mrs. Mabel Earp Carson

Above, Josephine Earp about 1878. Below, the common gravesite of Wyatt and Josephine Earp.

Photo by Wm. Oster

Virgil Earp

To quote Thomas Turner in a column in the Dallas *News*: Old-timers of Hillsboro who have nothing to do usually do most of it at

BOND'S ALLEY

By JANE PRUITT
Photos Courtesy Author

BOND'S ALLEY originally was the place of politicking and whittling. Civil War veterans were among the first sitters in the Alley. As they left the ranks in person, they fought on in stories told by their sons. Many Spanish-American War soldiers related their war records to anyone who would listen. As World Wars I and II came and went, and communications were improved, the men in the Alley would spend much time discussing the boys from home and their current battles.

Then it was a haven for people the sociologists label "senior citizens." And, lately, the narrow little passage has come to be synonymous with art and the rustic culture of crafts. Literature and art-talk have joined the politicking and cotton-language.

If the early morning weather is cool, the sitters use the benches on the west side to have the sun warm their bones. In the afternoon they sit on the east for the same reason. In the summer it is better to sit on the east side in the morn-

Above, a sea of mud around the courthouse square at Hillsboro, Texas, about 1900. Bond's Alley on right (arrow). Below, a public gathering on the south side of the square in 1913. At far right, a painting of Bond's Alley, with the Hill County Courthouse in background. The work of the author, Jane Pruitt, it was a prize-winning entry at the 1967 Bond's Alley Arts and Crafts Show, an annual event to supplement the Hillsboro Library's working funds.

Courtesy Mr. & Mrs. Sam D. Johnson, Houston, Texas

ing, out of the sun, and in the afternoon on the west side, again for obvious reasons of comfort.

Here they sit, spit and whittle. These pastimes can take all day if properly mixed with lengthy discussions.

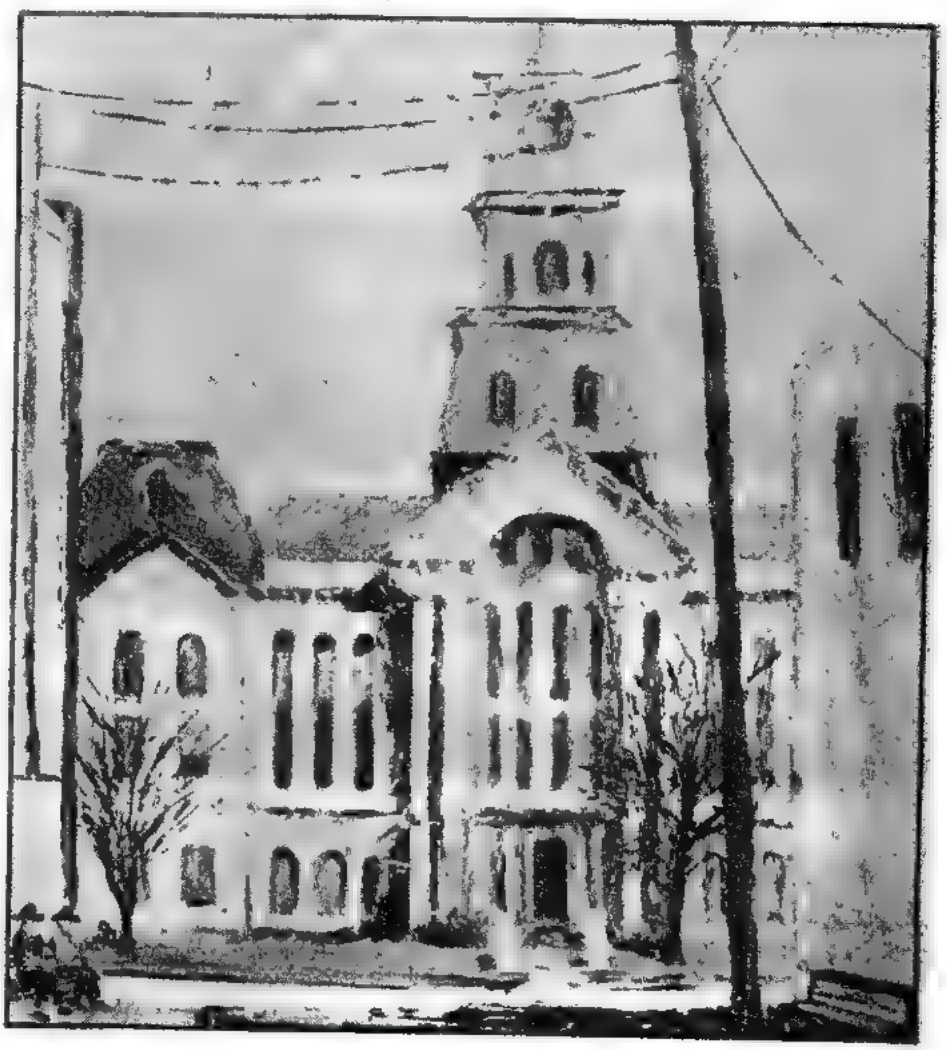
WHEN the early settlers of Hillsboro, Texas came across the prairie seeking wood, water and tall grasses, a good supply of all three was found near Hackberry Creek. Thomas M. Steiner was granted 320 acres of land by the State and, being a farsighted man, he donated 220 acres of this land as a townsite.

Soon after the town was planned, lots were put up for the highest bids. Those along Covington Street brought from $10.00 to $18.75. The ones along the south side of the square on Elm sold for higher prices. Bond's Drug Store corner was the highest bid at $46.

Streets were 100 feet wide and the alleys 30 feet wide. The reason for wide streets, then, was to be sure you could pass a buggy or wagon in rainy weather and not get spattered. In order to pull through the mud, the back wheels and bed were removed from the wagon. The coupling pin was taken out of the front axle leaving only the two front wheels and a makeshift seat for the driver. For added power four mules were hitched to this "rig." Just *two* wheels collected so much mud that the driver was constantly busy pushing the mess off the spokes. The thick black waxy soil was deep and exceedingly sticky after a heavy rain.

Food was scarce; children plentiful; lots of mouths to feed and little bodies to keep warm. This meant grocery stores and clothing stores—and in this town as in all frontier towns, lots of saloons. A housewife seldom came to the grocery store. Each grocer had a solicitor who made his rounds of the houses each morning, always coming to the back door and there taking the order of the day. He would then return to the store and fill the order and deliver the groceries to each house. The comment of one man who delivered groceries around 1888 was that he "sure hated to see it rain." If the weather was dry, he could deliver in a wagon; if it rained a light amount he went by horse with a basket on either side; but if it came a downpour, deliveries had to be made on foot. This usually meant a trip to and from each house for each order. Without sidewalks (other than the wooden slat variety, and more often a wide board laid across the path), it took determination, a strong back, and a world of patience to deliver groceries.

IN 1881 "Grandpa" Bond (Doctor William Bond to those less than fifty years old) started T. B. Bond's Drug Store. Often people "going West" would need drugs but had no money. This made no difference, as Mr. Bond believed every man was as good as his word, and if a man needed medicine and said he would send payment, he would. Throughout the years the store would receive bits of money, every so often, for payment on such bills. This practice was continued even during the Depression years of the



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1930s. In the early days, bills were paid yearly instead of monthly, and on payment the customer always received a box of cigars or a box of candy.

The store was stocked by salesmen who traveled by train and buggy. (If you have never heard a drummer sell a carload offer, you can't know what salesmanship really is.) Probably the cure-all to end all cure-alls was, and occasionally still is, a "Bond's Pill." This potent and slightly mysterious medication has been explained as the Victorian concept of an atom bomb.

In 1881 Captain Upshaw built one of the first three brick buildings in the town. In 1882 he built a larger building which is still standing. It took 175,000 bricks. The number of bricks in a structure determined one-half its cost. The going rate was $12 a thousand to lay brick. The other half of the cost was paid to the architect and builder.

Before 1875, a rock building was built on Lot No. 5. In a record of divorce proceedings in 1882 the wife was given this rock building as her homestead. She was granted $20 a month for child support for her two children. This same woman owned the building until her death in 1921. It had two saloons before Prohibition, the Rock Saloon and the Exchange.

Above the City Drug were the offices of Dr. James J. Robert, a gentle man who was a country doctor in the fullest sense of the meaning. He had a white beard, wore a black hat and a Prince Albert coat, and drove a black buggy drawn by a black horse. Dr. Robert had an open speaking tube from his office to the prescription area of the drug store below. At the buzz in the tube, Mr. McDonald listened to the order for the prescription, and by the time the patient got down the stairs his medicine was ready.

Before 1882 most everyone carried a gun, and if a man started an argument he had to be prepared to back it up or give up quickly. Arguments didn't last very long, for obvious reasons. If the country doctor didn't get there in time, the undertaker got his turn.

Hillsboro was very near the cattle trails and had a stagecoach from 1861 through 1865 that ran three days a week —Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The coach left Clarksville, with stops at Paris, Benham, McKinney, Dallas, Waxahachie and Hillsboro and arrived in Waco after four days and fourteen hours.

Kegs of whiskey and wines were shipped in by wagon before the trains came, but beer was brewed locally.

The gambling hall was above the Rock Saloon and after gaming was outlawed, the busiest man in town was the fellow who stood in the alley and threw a rock up at the window to warn that the "law" was coming. Since there were rooster fights here, many fighting birds must have taken flight from the upstairs window as the door opened downstairs.

One of the lasting memories is of a lusty-voiced singer who would bodily get between two men having a spat, hold them at arms' length, and at the top of his voice, sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" or "Nearer My God to Thee." It was most effective, as his voice always brought a crowd, and in the crowd would be someone who could talk the fighters out of battle.

An 1897 photo of the inside of the Rock Saloon. Ben Ballard (1) and his father (2) are behind the bar.

PASSING the time trading knives was and is an everyday occurrence in Bond's Alley. The traders were the men who sat and whittled all day, so it was necessary that their knives be of the best quality.

The age-old superstition of trading a penny for a knife, lest your friendship be cut, was always respected. There might have been a dollar or a quarter's difference in the trade, but if they "swapped even" there was always the penny which changed hands.

By noon the piece of pine that was brought for the day's whittling would be a pencil-thin splinter. Those without pine used the benches for their knife exercises. Many benches have been built for the Alley in the years they have been used there—these owned jointly by the drug store, Bond Hardware and the men who used them. When the whittlers decided it was time for new benches they would take up a collection of 25¢ each. The two stores filled out the balance to complete the cost.

"You can't imagine how hard it was for a little boy to walk barefoot down Bond's Alley when there were fifty or more men sitting there." So says a man who can speak from experience. If a boy

A large crowd on the courthouse square on September 13, 1913. The Ladies' Honor Guard (mounted) lines the interurban tracks.

was lucky enough to miss the tobacco juice, he was bound to get a splinter. Or worse yet, he would probably sit where Mr. Jim, Mr. Joe or Mr. John usually sat and was always asked to "Get up, Sonny, and let me sit there on the end. You're in my seat."

Many years ago one "regular" member of the clan of sitters had the very strange custom of going to the bank every morning, getting his gold pieces out of the lock box and showing them to anyone who would look. He felt this was quite impressive, and by mid-afternoon would be very impressed with himself, as well as being overcome by the punch of John Barleycorn. Later he would take the gold back to the bank, ride his horse several laps around the square at breakneck speed, and head for home. When he arrived home his habit was to lie down in his coffin which he kept in the parlor for future use. He had bought it ahead of time because he just wanted to "get used to it."

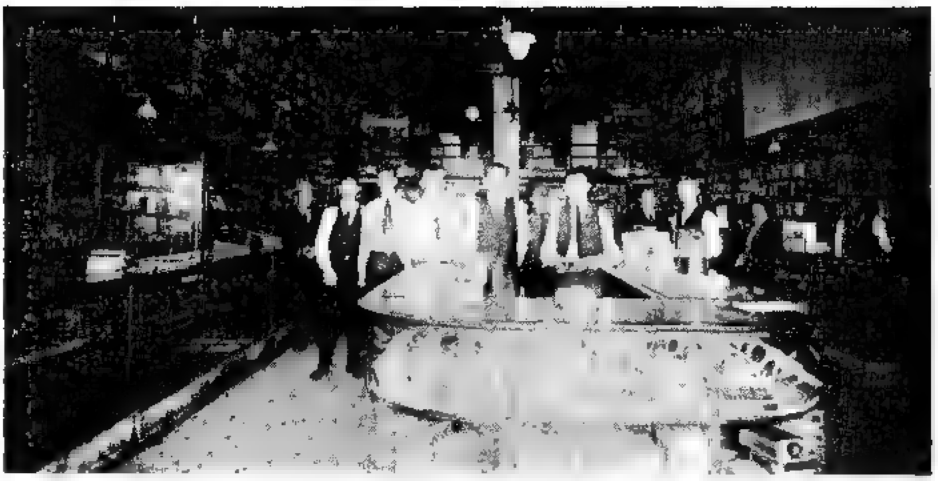
There was a peace officer who many remember as a fearless man with no "middle of the road" to his thinking. Something was either right or wrong. If he considered it wrong he would as soon arrest his own child for the misdeed. His name was Dan Hooks; many folks called him "Uncle Dan." For all of his five feet height he cut a wide swath when clearing out a fight or crap game. From 1902 to 1931, when he retired from service, he held various titles of constable, city marshal or deputy. He had carried a single action Colt .45 on his hip for so long that his right shoulder was much lower than his left. Uncle Dan had a heavy mustache, always wore a coat to cover his gun, and a vest on which to pin his badge. In winter he wore a big, black hat and in summer a wide brimmed straw. After retirement he was a daily visitor to Bond's Alley, and maintained his unwavering opinions—opinions which continued to carry a lot of weight even if he didn't.

Fred Grimes and Fred Bently started their garage in the year 1904. The daily job was to assemble Model "T" Fords. The Fords came unassembled and the Ford dealer paid $5 for each completed car. It usually took two men all day to do the job.

John, the Chinaman, who had a laundry at the south end of Bond's Alley, lived behind his place of business, and the noise from Grimes' hammers and the like was not too good for sleeping. In the afternoon, John would walk across the street and say, "Fled, you gonna wo'k tonight?" If "Fled" said no, all was well. But, if "Fled" said yes, John would mutter stoically and return to his shop.

No account could be written about the folk on Waco Street without including George Reagan Jeffries, the son of a former slave. In his early youth George was one of the strongest men in town. He was left-handed and could throw a rock more than a city block with accuracy. When young smart-aleck boys teased him they were sometimes the ones most hurt, for George could hit a moving target as easily as a still one.

As he grew older he could always be found sitting on the steps of the post office, playing his French harp and asking for a nickel. George reasoned that if a man held a quarter, a dime, and a nickel in his hand for George to choose one for his tin cup, the man would do it again if George took the nickel but if he ever took the quarter, the "game" would be over. So George got *many* nickels, if *few* quarters.



The T. B. Bond Drug Store about 1924.

When George was very old, and on a pension, it was necessary to have someone act as his guardian. Mrs. Will Morrow, who at that time lived in the old Bond home, accepted this responsibility. George would do almost anything Mrs. Morrow suggested except wear a raincoat she had bought for him. You see, George had many medals on his "great coat" and he felt if he covered them up nobody would know he had them. They were a collection that included anything ever given to him by friends, anything bright and shiny he found on the street—safety pins and all.

COTTON BUYERS used to stand in the fenced-in area of the old Sturgis Bank and make bids when farmers brought in their samples. Several buyers would bid for the bales and when a farmer received his money he would go inside the bank and deposit it.

The farmer hauled his cotton from the gin and was responsible for selling it himself. Sometimes he would park his wagon with the bale on it on the square and the buyers would come to him. "On the square" was anywhere around the curb of the courthouse. In season you could buy watermelon, fruits, vegetables and other perishables there; in winter, wagonloads of cordwood.

In 1881 three men, J. G. H. Buck, Dr. N. B. Kennedy, and O. D. Cheatam, originated a subscription list for a public library. The shares were $5 each and the men obtained 85 names and a donation of 200 volumes, and soon 100 more. Mrs. C. W. Reiley received $20 a month for being librarian, for which she worked from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily and from 2 to 10 on Sundays. This library was later dissolved.

About 1888, there was a second attempt to have a library. The need for such a place came from the wives of farmers who came to town with their husbands. The menfolk were busy selling cotton, having the horses shod, or doing whatever the day's business involved, but the wives and children became very weary while waiting. The wagon was not a very comfortable place to spend the hours.

A little three-room house was offered, rent free, and the ladies furnished it as best they could. A kitchen was in one room, another had cots for children to use for naps, and the third room held about 200 books. The project ended when the little house was sold and the books were stored in an out-building at the home of one of the ladies. She had hopes of reactivating the service when space became available.

Months passed and the books remained undisturbed in their boxes, except by the woman's twelve-year-old daughter. French novels of those days were "spicy" and tempting to a young girl who had barely heard of such books, much less read any. Finally the truth was out and the novels were burned. The remaining volumes were returned to the lenders and the left overs were taken to the County Poor Farm.

Today's $100,000 Hillsboro City Library was dedicated February 14, 1971. It backs on Bond's Alley. The library is the pride of the town and represents years of effort in fund raising. Bond's Alley Arts and Crafts Show was born of necessity when the annual income of the Hillsboro Library needed to be supplemented. If you're ever in attendance at the festival, remember that those thousands of sandwiches, cakes and cookies in the Courtyard Cafe don't "just happen." The booths and screens represent many busted thumbs by the men who assemble and handle them for the 100 exhibiting artists. The country store receives numerous jars of jams and preserves each year that take hours to prepare, not to mention the expense to the individuals who donate them.

Bond's Alley has been symbolic of Hillsboro, from the first crude benches occupied by the pioneers to the yearly Arts and Crafts show held the second weekend in June. If your plans for '76 include turning back the clock for a day or two, everyone in this north-central Texas town will be on hand to help you do it!

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"ESCORTING" SHEEP

By W. A. HEDGES

submitted by

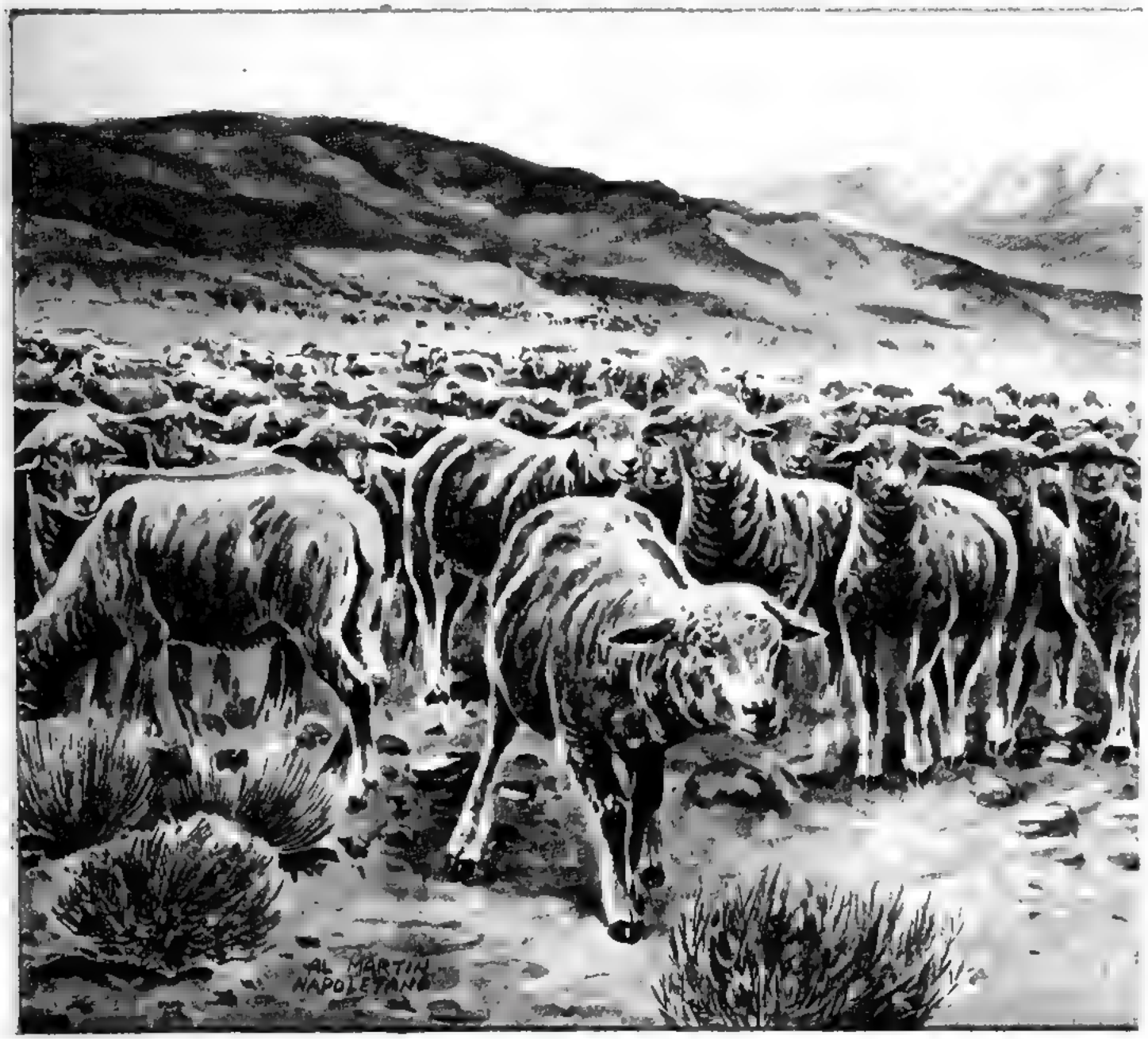
AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THERE was a large influx of sheep into Montana from California and Oregon in 1880. That was quite a while before the first mile of standard gauge railroad was built into Montana, and all those herds were driven overland from initial points.

Extensive herds of cattle had for many years successfully wintered on Montana ranges, and also a few bands of sheep which had been brought into southwestern Montana from Utah, mostly. It had been demonstrated that both classes of livestock wintered well, with minimum loss. It was not thought possible to destroy horses because of snow or low temperature. These considerations were the compelling cause of the large influx of sheep in 1880 into the vicinity of Helena where no small amount of capital sought investment in large purchases.

That winter set in early and very severely. Large losses seemed inevitable. In fact the winter of 1880-81 is remembered as the winter of the deepest snows within the memory of whites or Indians.



FROM CALIFORNIA TO MONTANA

It was merciful that the men attempting this drive didn't know a thing about woolies — for they sure rushed in where shepherds feared to tread!

With no preparation for hay and shelter to at least tide over the periods of severest storm, it seemed evident that provisions along these lines in the future were necessary to insure any large financial returns. No one seemed daunted. We were still going to go into the sheep business.

In company with Lewis Jones, a Welshman, of the placer firm of Evans and Jones, who had been quite successful in making a fair-sized cleanup in Green-Horn Gulch, about sixteen miles west of Helena, and young Tom Reece of Helena, I started for California on December 22, 1880. We went from Helena to White Hall, sixty miles, by stage on a rather cold day. It was twenty degrees below zero when we left Helena, and as cold when we reached White Hall for the night.

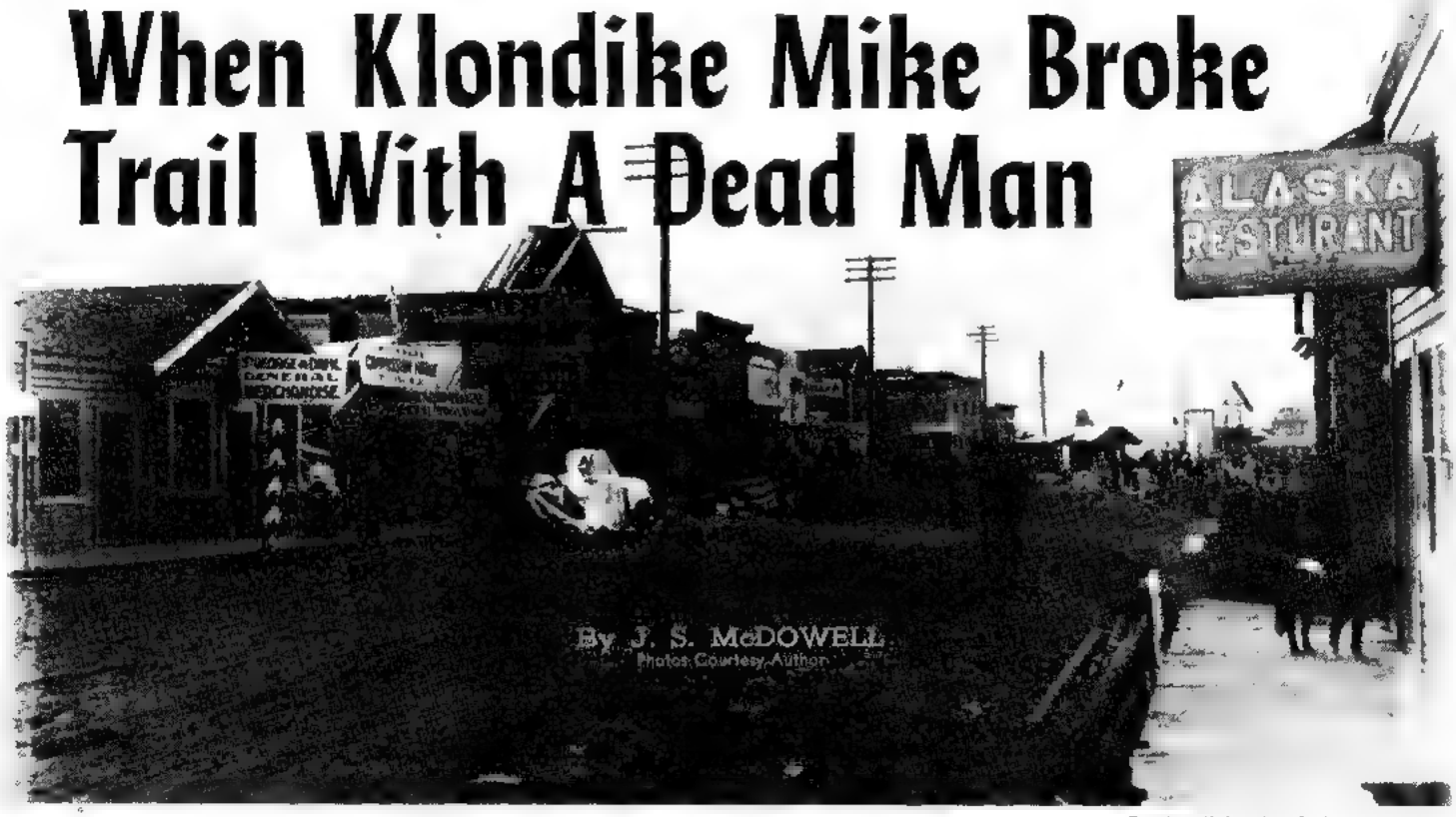
The second day we went to Dillon, thence by the old narrow gauge railroad built by the Mormons from Corinne, Utah. The snow was very deep, with deep cuts through heavy drifts. At Corinne we connected with the Central Pacific Railroad, and on December 27 reached Sacramento, California. That was our headquarters for some days while we looked around for pointers on sheep, range, and the like. We soon located a considerable number, owned by I. W. Brownell at Woodland, they being at the time ranged on lands which he owned along both sides of Stony Creek in Colusa County.

Mr. Brownell was a rather extensive

(Continued on page 56)

In one of the most legendary exploits of the North Country, even the veteran Mahoney lost track of time and direction...

When Klondike Mike Broke Trail With A Dead Man



By J. S. McDOWELL
Photos Courtesy Author

Front Street in Fairbanks, Alaska, 1904, the year that Judge T. J. Humes died.

Courtesy University of Alaska Archives

TANANA VALLEY in central Alaska was preparing for another long winter's night. It was 1904—only two years since Felix Pedro's gold strike had suddenly turned a little trading post into the boomtown now known throughout the world as Fairbanks. Waves of stampeders had streamed north to hit the frost-rimed trail and find gold and more gold.

Judge T. J. Humes, a former mayor of Seattle, was among them. He'd arrived somewhat earlier, however, and had become a well-known and popular citizen of Fairbanks. The Judge was over sixty on that wintry day in 1904 when he died of heart failure on the main street of town. By means of a new wireless station on the Yukon River some 200 miles from Fairbanks, Judge Humes' family in Seattle was notified of his death. Some three weeks later a courier returned with a request from the family to have the Judge's body sent to Seattle at once.

Fairbanks was a remote place, even in summer, but during winter it was much more isolated. The only practical way out was by dogsled to Eagle City 200 miles to the east, and then by horse stage via Dawson to the railhead at White Horse and thence to the port of Skagway. The total trip was more than 900 miles.

A second but rougher choice was to go to Eagle City and take the military pack trail south to Valdez, about 450 miles to the south, where southbound ships could be boarded. This trail struck through very rugged mountains and was considered hard going. Although in a direct line Fairbanks was little more than 250 miles due north of open water, a great mountain barrier lay between and, in 1904, no known route crossed it.

Because of these problems and the nature of the "freight," every dog musher in the district had refused the job of delivering Judge Humes. And that was how Klondike Mike Mahoney, the best dog musher in the north, came to take the job.

MIKE had arrived in Fairbanks in October 1904 after four barren and unprofitable years in the goldfields of Nome. Not only was his bag of gold dust unreasonably small, but Mike missed the pleasure of being in the public eye as he had been in Dawson. There, from 1897 to 1899, the red-headed young giant had won a reputation as being the strongest, hardest-working high-kicker and fighter who ever swept down from White Pass. Before he left he had also acquired the title "King of the Trail" for setting the fastest time for a dogsled between Dawson and Skagway on a mail run. So when Mike was offered the job of transporting Judge Humes, he jumped at the chance; It would add $500 to his poke.

Mike immediately settled down to planning his route out. He decided to go straight south across the coastal range. No map existed of the area and no white man was known to have crossed it, but there was a legend of an old Indian trail that led across the divide to the Copper River, an area which was well settled.

Mike's proposal provoked comment, both pro and con. The trip was to cover hundreds of miles over virgin country, under which circumstances the general feeling was that it would end with two corpses instead of one.

But to Mike the glory of being the first to blaze a trail more than compensated for the rigors involved. What's more, everyone knew that hundreds of gold seekers had been held up at Valdez, unable to get into the interior and Fairbanks. Anyone who could blaze a trail through would win the undying gratitude of the latter town. To Mike it was a challenge he just couldn't turn down.

His best route, Mike decided, would be to go up the Tanana Valley and then up the Big Delta River to its source on the northern slopes of the Alaska Range. There he would enter the huge blank spot on his charts and, for 150 to 250 miles, be on his own until he found civilization again on the Copper River and followed it to Valdez.

Mike figured he'd have a trip of 400 miles and would need food for about ten days. Since the Judge's frozen body in its rough box weighed 250 pounds, he cut his camp gear down to nothing but essentials and a light rifle. To save time on the trail he boiled his beans beforehand

and then let them freeze. Finally, on December 3, the coffin was loaded, the sled packed, and the next morning, Mike and his nine dogs headed south out of Fairbanks.

ALL through the morning and afternoon the funeral sled moved south up the valley of the Tanana. Nightfall found him at the Salcha roadhouse with forty miles behind him. The next day the valley grew more narrow and timbered but he still made the Big Kid roadhouse by early afternoon. Deciding not to stop there, he went on for two hours until he found an occupied cabin. The old sourdough who lived there protested loudly when Mike stood the coffin up outside against the cabin.

It was snowing heavily the next morning and Mike had to break trail in front of the dogs all day. By then he was on the Big Delta River and going was slow although he did manage to make a roadhouse for the night. It was the last dwelling he expected to find until he reached Copper River.

The next day Mike was getting into the higher elevations and the going became steeper and rougher with every step. He had to lift the heavy sled across obstructions and it took all his strength to keep it balanced. About noon, he came across a small Indian camp. According to the Indians he still had 1,500 feet to climb to reach the pass but he could make it in two days if the weather held. What was over the pass they did not know, they said, except that it was poor hunting country.

Three days of rough climbing followed before Mike found a wide flat pass and

Judge Thomas J. Humes.

a big glacier-fed lake. He set up camp there for the night. He awoke to fresh snow which was still falling. As Mike set out, visibility was so poor he couldn't tell north from south and had to stop constantly to check his compass. He also had to stomp out a trail for the dogs, so he made little progress. The snow fell all that day and the next, but during the night the weather changed and the stars came out. Mike hit the trail immediately.

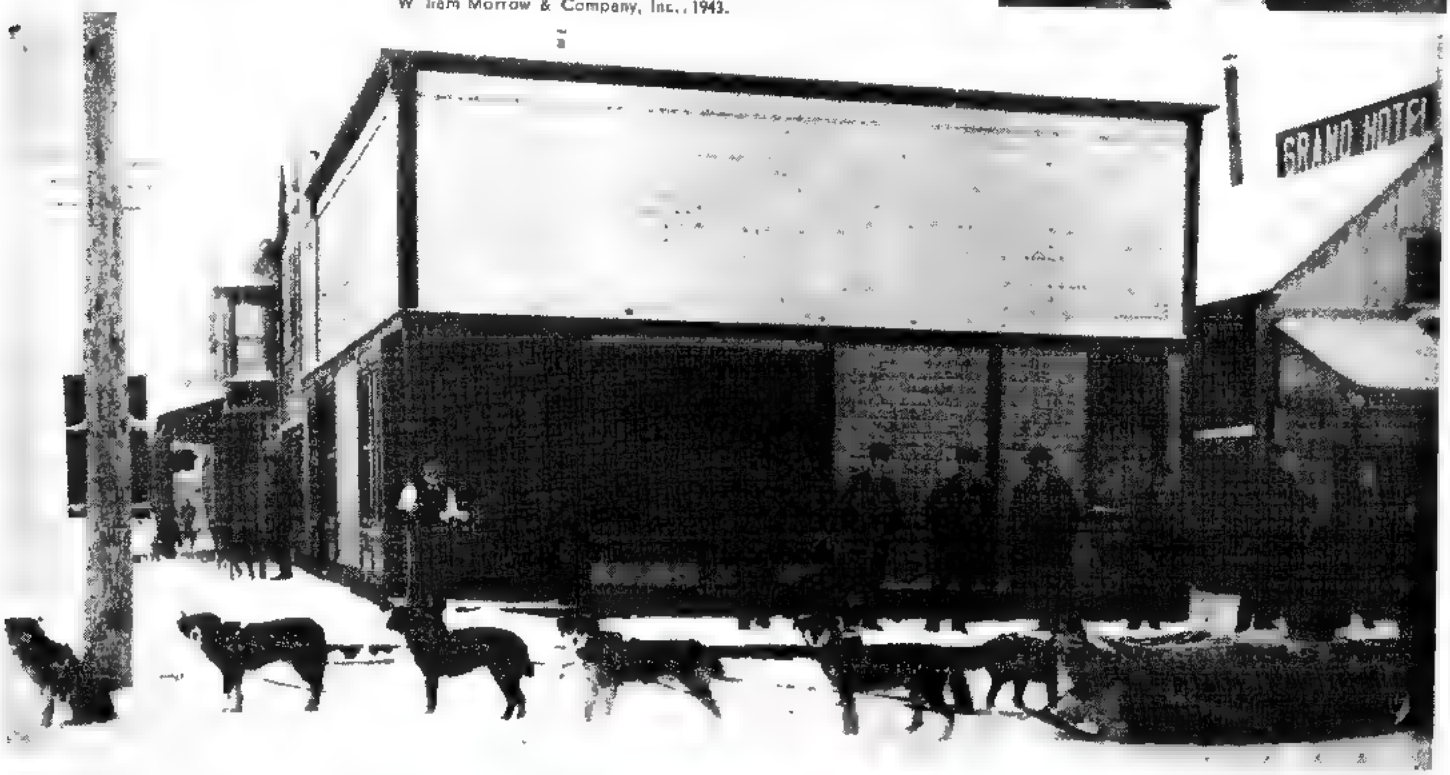
The main pass was still ahead of him and dawn found him toiling up its last stretch. As he crossed the divide, the sun rose and he saw before him the snowy peaks and valleys of the vast uncharted Alaska Range.

The snow was so heavy it was impossible to detect the underlying watercourses and the best Mike could do was set a rough compass through the numerous ridges to the south. Dropping down slowly but constantly Mike finally came to a watercourse that drifted south and he followed it until dusk. This found him

(Continued on page 40)

Below, the body of Judge Humes aboard the sled brought into Valdez, Alaska by Mike Mahoney. Man on far right is believed to be Mahoney. At right, Michael Ambrose Mahoney at age 17.

Photos from Klondike Mike: An Alaskan Odyssey, by Merrill Denison; William Morrow & Company, Inc., 1943.



THE DAY GENERAL GODFREY GOT LOST

Photos Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Department

Above, the "Crow's Nest," near the head of South Davis Creek. It was from this high point that Custer first saw the valley of the Little Bighorn on June 25, 1876. At right, General E. S. Godfrey.

By CHARLES B. ERLANSON
Photos Courtesy Author

Charles Erlanson was buried in Sheridan, Wyoming October 3, 1975. Our last letter from him regarding this story was as follows: "As a young cowboy I worked for Charley Taintor for many years. I was with the Flying V roundup wagon when Taintor and Johnson came in and told us about their encounter with General Godfrey. Having grown up in the Custer country and being thoroughly familiar with the route taken by the Seventh Cavalry between the last camp on the Rosebud to the Custer battlefield, I was much interested in everything pertaining to the battle of the Little Bighorn. I asked many questions of Taintor and Johnson, with the result that I got a clear-cut picture of Godfrey's ride that day."

CHARLEY TAINTOR, the owner of the Flying V outfit south of Birney, Montana, with his companion Pete Johnson, was on his way to his roundup wagons which were camped at the Benteen stockyards awaiting a trainload of dogies. As they reached a point on Davis Creek, near the divide between the Rosebud and the Little Bighorn , they encountered two riders, General E. S. Godfrey and the noted photographer, L. A. Huffman.

The two men were not only hopelessly lost but all in—especially Godfrey who had reached a state of utter exhaustion. The General was in such bad shape that his head would continually drop down on his chest, and he had to use his hands to push it back up again. Taintor was much impressed with the old soldier's grit. In spite of his exhausted condition he never voiced a word in complaint. Godfrey had been a lieutenant in command of Company K, Seventh Cavalry in the Battle of the Little Bighorn, and championed Custer's cause as long as he lived. He always contended that Custer's defeat was not due to rashness but to circumstances over which he had no control.

It was fortunate indeed that Taintor happened to run into the two men. In their exhausted condition they were unable to go any farther, and it was miles to any traveled road or habitation. At that time they might have been there for days before any help came along.

In sizing up the situation, Taintor concluded there was only one logical thing to do and that was to camp right there. He fully realized what Godfrey and Huffman needed most of all was a good rest. When he suggested this idea to Godfrey, the General heartily agreed with him.

Taintor was traveling with a team and buggy and he and Johnson had their roundup beds with them. Also, on long trips from his ranch on Tongue River he always carried plenty of food and water. In those days ranches were few and far between. That afternoon Taintor and Johnson learned why the two riders had got into such a predicament.

General Godfrey had come West for two reasons. He wanted to attend the fortieth anniversary celebration of the Custer Battle, and to ride horseback from the mouth of the Rosebud to the battlefield in order to retrace the old trail and locate the various camping places along the way. When his intention became known, Huffman, a friend of long standing, offered to ride with him.

The ranches along the Rosebud had gone all out in seeing to it that they had a pleasant trip, and they had gone on easy stages to Busby. After they left Busby, however, they were on their own as at this time there was not a dwelling between that place and the battlefield.

IT has never been definitely established just what route Custer took after leaving his last campsite on the Rosebud. That he went up Davis Creek there is no doubt, as that is the only route he could have taken in which the time element corresponded with the distance traversed. But whether he went up the North or South fork of this creek is moot. To be sure, at the head of South prong is a marker bearing the inscription that General George A. Custer and the 7th U. S. Cavalry crossed the Divide at this point, June 25, 1876.

This marker was erected on August 24, 1917 by W. M. Camp, noted historian, and M. L. Willson of the Montana Historical Society. The place where Custer and his command crossed the Divide was first shown to Camp by the Crow Indian, Curly, on August 4, 1909. Camp and Curly had approached the place from the Little Bighorn. The following year Camp and Herendeen went over the Custer trail from the mouth of the Rosebud, and in

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reaching the above-mentioned place, Herendeen agreed with Curly's version that this was indeed the place where the Custer command crossed the Divide.

As both Curly and Herendeen were with Custer's command, it would naturally seem that their statements would be accurate. However, I cannot go along with them for the following reason—the Indian trail crossed the Divide four miles north of there. Custer was hot on the Indians' trail and I cannot believe he would have left it and crossed the Divide four miles south. My reason for thinking the two scouts could have been mistaken is due to the fact that these two points along the Divide are very similar in appearance. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that many years had elapsed since they crossed the Divide with Custer. The country hadn't changed very much in that length of time but they certainly had. However, I cannot prove my conviction.

After leaving Busby and reaching Davis Creek, Godfrey didn't recognize it as the route taken by the command in the early hours of June 25, 1876. That he didn't recognize it is not very strange under the circumstances. On account of the difficulty of crossing the Rosebud with the pack train, the column didn't get underway from their campsite until nearly one o'clock in the morning. The night was so dark that one set of fours couldn't see the one directly ahead of it. Furthermore, about three miles south of Busby is an old short-cut that leads from the Rosebud to a point well up on Davis Creek. As Mitch Bouyer was leading the column it's very likely that he took that way.

Many years ago a friend of mine, Tom Small, found a Seventh Cavalry canteen in this trail. If the column took this route it would have been almost impossible to recognize Davis Creek from where the road crossed it.

Thinking that perhaps Thompson Creek was the route taken by the regiment, Godfrey and Huffman went to that place. They rode up that water course for almost five miles before the General came to the conclusion that it was absolutely not the way the column had come. He couldn't recognize a single place they had passed.

Deciding it would be impractical to retrace their steps, Godfrey elected to cut across country to Davis Creek. He and Huffman reached this creek all right but with near disastrous results. They were near gone when Taintor and Johnson spotted them.

THAT EVENING after a long rest and some refreshments, Godfrey recovered enough to feel like talking, and everybody had a most enjoyable time. Naturally, the subject mostly discussed was the Custer Battle. In fact, it turned out to be a question and answer session. Taintor, Johnson, and Huffman all felt that this was the chance of a lifetime to be able to talk to a survivor.

The General was most cooperative and willingly answered all questions put to him that he was able to; if not, he said so quite frankly. Godfrey and Taintor

(Continued on page 38)

Wild Old Days!

Above, Royal Marines at San Juan Island, before the evacuation. Below, James Crook, caretaker of the old English camp, next to the fort's blockhouse.

Author's Photos, Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C

A BIT OF ENGLAND ON SAN JUAN ISLAND

By Ruth M. Herberg

THE real meaning of Rupert Brooke's words comes clear when we stand at the picket fence of the little cemetery on San Juan Island and remember his soldier's brave words: "If I should die, think only this of me; That there's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England."

This small cemetery is indeed a part of England, for it is the burial place of British Marines who died in this far "foreign field."

One's thoughts go back a hundred years to the time when ownership of this island was in question. Both the United States and Britain established military posts there, the British to the north and the Americans on the moor-like area at the south. These encampments were the result of the much talked of "Pig War," in which one porker was the sole casualty. For a while feeling ran high, and the fact that the problem was solved without bloodshed has been hailed by historians as a victory for the principle that wars really do not need to happen.

Now our National Park Service has

Captain George Bazalgette, the man in charge of the Royal Marines who were stationed on San Juan Island.

undertaken to restore to their original condition these two military camps and make of them a unified "San Juan National Historical Park." Work is currently going on, two buildings in addition to the cemetery at British Camp having been restored. What's left of American Camp is limited, but old photographs indicate how it must have looked in the 1860s. Undisturbed earthworks indicate the position of the former buildings.

At British Camp the cemetery enclosure is located on a hillside about three-fourths of a mile from the restored bastion and barracks. It is considerably smaller than an ordinary city lot, and contains only five headstones, although records indicate that seven men are buried there. All graves except one are the final resting places of British Marines who lost their lives during their period of service. Since swimming was their chief diversion, and because the water around the Islands rarely gets above 45 degrees, these deaths are attributed to drowning and exposure. The exception is the grave of William Taylor, an American resident, whose brother accidentally shot him to death, mistaking him for a deer. Maybe this "alien" grave is an added bond between our two countries.

Through the years the cemetery with its green painted picket fence has remained in reasonably good repair. For this we must thank James Crook. He was a child of two when his father, himself a former British Marine, homesteaded the land on which the garrison had been built. The parade ground made a good orchard, and the barracks a tolerable residence for the Crook family. That was in 1872, shortly after the departure of the British Marines.

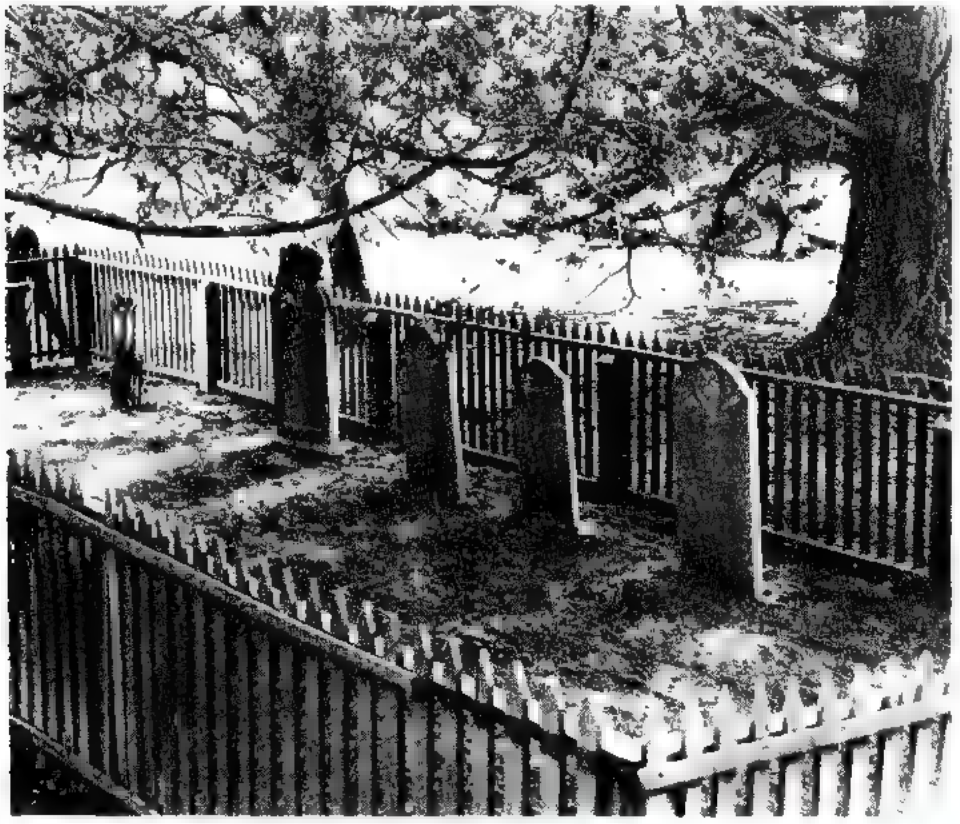
As James grew into manhood, he became very proud of his British background, and realized the importance of the historic spot that was his home. He never married, and lived at British Camp until 1967 when he died at age ninety-three.

Without James Crook's help the cemetery would have fallen into decay. It is said that the British Government paid him the grand sum of $10 per year to keep the place in order. Crook did his best with the other houses, too. Then, one day in 1965, two men came down the lane from the main highway and offered what seemed to him a tremendous amount of money for his home. But what need had he for wealth? He was in his nineties then. He didn't want to leave his home, of course, but he saw the sense of the proposition they made him. He would be permitted to live the rest of his life in his old home, then the National Park Service would take over. Crook agreed, so now younger hands than his are putting things into the order they were more than a century ago.

On October 23, 1972 Canadians and Americans together commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the final settlement of the old argument. Two thousand people from both sides of the border turned out. Buglers from Victoria's Naval Reserve sounded "Taps" over the graves.

Native firs and maples, many of them having stood guard from the very beginning, surround the San Juan Island cemetery—which will be a little bit of England forever.

The northeast corner of the British Marine Cemetery on San Juan Island.



CROSSROADS GHOST

By John Carson

SLATER, COLORADO could probably have been described as the smallest burg in the world situated on the biggest intersection. The intersection comprised about two and a half acres, and the burg consisted of three buildings. In 1900 the Robert McIntosh family was its only population. They operated the store, livery stable, post office, hotel and saloon —all of which, with the exception of the barn, were in the main building, a large log and rock structure.

The town looks different now than it did when it was a bustling crossroads to many places. Since World War I, two old gasoline pumps have decorated the front of the main building. The store, or what is left of it, faces south overlooking Battle Mountain Road where Jim Baker and a handful of mountain men withstood the savage attack of a Sioux and Arapaho war party many years ago.

The road runs more or less east and west, and directly in front of the store, the Slater Creek road terminates, making a "T" intersection. The big intersection was necessary because freighters used to park their big wagons in front of the store, sometimes twenty or thirty at a time, and before that, the Utes used to set up their tipis there. At least they did before the white man put gravel on the road making a lumpy resting place for his red brother.

Slater was always a rambunctious sort of town. Being situated about 100 yards from the Wyoming border, it acted as a magnet for such characters as were momentarily in disfavor on the Wyoming side of the line. Not only that, Slater was the gateway to faraway

places: heading south, a horseman could reach Hahn's Peak where he could spread out to Craig, Brown's Park, Steamboat Springs or Robbers' Roost. East, he could double back to Rawlins through the Grand Encampment Valley, north towards Casper and the fastnesses of the Hole-in-the-Wall. By riding due west it was only a long lope into Dixon, Baggs and the Powder Springs hideouts. The wild mountainous country surrounding Slater offered a temporary hideaway in the event an outlaw got word he should drop out of sight.

The town had a colorful transient population—Indians, freighters, cowboys, miners and outlaws. The Wild Bunch, known in that part of the country as the Powder Springs Gang, were acquainted in Slater but not by the names we are accustomed to hearing. Butch Cassidy, for instance, was Bob Ingerfield. Harry Longabaugh (The Sundance Kid) was Harry Alonzo. The Tall Texan, Ben Kilpatrick, was Jack Arnold, and Elza Lay was William McGinnis. Only Kid Curry, whose real name was Harvey Logan, spurned another alias. The outlaws mixed freely with the other citizens of the town and, while they were always recognized, Slater was a live-and-let-live burg, and that's another reason the outlaws came to town.

There was one man in Slater, though, who either did not fear the outlaws or was ignorant of the possible consequences of crossing them. This story was told to me by a fine old gentleman who, at the turn of the century, was employed at the McIntosh store. As a boy, I also knew the hero of the story who shall be known as "J. X." As it turned out, J. X. outlived them all, dying peacefully in bed in Dixon about 1959.

J. X. was a young Englishman who had come West to seek fortune, if not fame. He, too, was employed by Robert McIntosh. As was usual in the West, J. X. was subject to rough, but harmless, jokes because of his quaint manner of speaking. He worked as a clerk and did other odd jobs around the settlement. He was popular, good natured, but different from the Western men with whom he mixed.

Occasionally some cowboy or member of the Powder Springs bunch would take on too big a load of McIntosh whiskey, getting a little rowdy and whooping it up. For the most part, the play was harmless except for the ever present possibility of stopping a stray bullet when the celebrants would spur their horses into a headlong run and try to pop heads off some of McIntosh's prized Rhode Island Reds. When something like that happened, the knowledgeable citizens would skedaddle out of sight and sound and patiently wait for the jag to wear off.

These antics were just as "quaint" to our Englishman as his were to the natives, but he was not easily offended.

One time after scattering everyone outside the store, a liquored-up gunfighter strode up to the bar and made the old-time threat—he would count to three and if anyone was left in the building at the end of that time, that man would get a good dose of lead. With that announcement, and even before the countdown started, all and sundry hastily departed. The gunman was real pleased and turned to the bar to buy himself a drink. To his consternation, there was J. X. sitting behind the bar, calmly puffing on a corncob pipe.

The gunfighter gazed with some surprise at this strange galoot who was puffing away imperturbably, blowing clouds of smoke into the air as he watched the rest of the patrons disappear. The outlaw leaned against the bar with his six-shooter in his hand, waiting for the Englishman to see the light. He even cocked the gun and rapped gently on the bar with it to attract the attention of the stupid man. Finally he leveled it at J. X.

The Englishman merely blew another cloud of smoke which drifted lazily upward, crowning his head like a wispy blue halo. The outlaw squinted at this, then counted to three once more. Nothing happened.

WALKING around the edge of the bar, the outlaw put the muzzle of the six-shooter at J. X.'s head and snarled, "Dude, if yore not out of here in ten seconds, I'm gonna make coyote bait out of you! One—two—three!"

Still J. X. sat, ignoring the whole proceeding.

"Four—five—six—!"

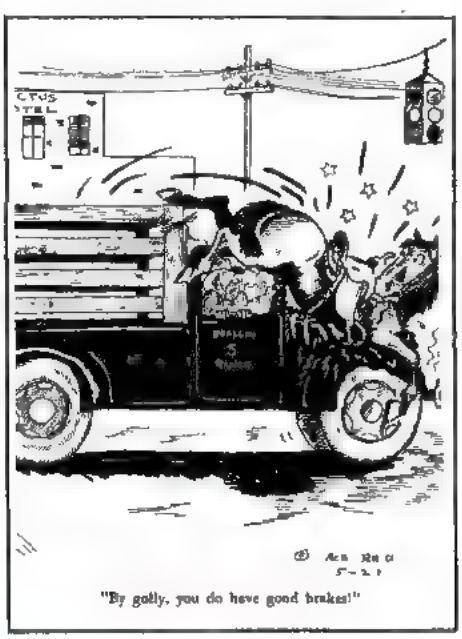
Plainly the outlaw was puzzled; never before had his bluff been called. What kind of fool would calmly blow smoke into the air and await sure death?

"Look, ain't you got sense enough to be scared?" he said. "Why, I could kill you and it wouldn't bother me none a-tall. If'n you ain't got sense enough to git, take my word for it."

"My good man," replied the Englishman, "I came to America because I had heard of the chivalry of you Westerners. I am not frightened of you and I do not believe you intend to kill me. In the first place, I am unarmed. In the second, you are trying to talk yourself into a rage. This you cannot do because you are not angry and you know you have no legitimate reason to be angry. You have had too much to drink and have lost control of yourself, so why not be a good man and put that weapon away?"

The gunfighter was speechless. He was being talked to like a school boy and by a damned foreigner, too. For a long moment, indecision was written on his dark features—then, breaking into a wide grin, he slapped J. X. on the back and shouted, "Yore all right, Englishman! You can be on my side—let's you and me hurrah this town!"

With that, J. X. and the gunfighter linked arms and walked to the back bar where they broke open a bottle of McIntosh's best whiskey and, with the rest of the town wondering what in the hell was going on in there, got riproaringly, gloriously drunk.



"By golly, you do have good brakes!"

GROWING UP WITH THE CREEKS

By William L. Haynes

WHEN I was very small, my parents sold everything that couldn't be loaded in a covered wagon and we started for Oklahoma. This was after that part of Oklahoma had been opened for settlement so there were other white people there ahead of us, but there were many more Indians than whites. We settled in what was known as the Creek Nation near the little town of Hanna. Indian children were my neighbors, my playmates, and later my schoolmates.

Within fifteen miles of where we lived there were five Indian stomp grounds, places where they held their ceremonial dances. As I remember they held two or three stomp dances at each of these sites during the summer. (They also had ball games there, played with sticks made of hickory and rawhide.)

The Indians came by wagon or by saddle horse and camped for the duration of the ceremonials. I never did learn the names of all their dances, or the meaning of any of them except what I could see and hear. They had one dance they called the Medicine Dance which was performed by men only. Before it started, the men would get drunk on some sort of beer they made themselves, and there were nearly always some bloody fights. Occasionally a person was killed.

They believed that someone who partook of the medicine or beer at this dance would not be there to partake of it the next year. To me that was only superstition; for with two or three hundred men participating—from young to the very old—it was only common sense that one or more of them would die before the following year.

The Green Corn Dance was held in the early summer about the time corn became roasting ears. To the best of my memory it was in this dance that they sometimes permitted white people to participate. I went and watched, but I never danced. The women who took part had tortoise shells (partially filled with shot, then sealed and strapped) around their ankles. They danced in such a manner that they beat time with the shells, much

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the same as beating time with a tambourine.

In all their dances the Indians went in single file around a huge fire, and each dance had a leader, usually a man, middle-aged or older. They were always in perfect rhythm except when the women and white people danced with them. The right and left foot of each hit the ground at the same time except for the leader who went through all kinds of motions with his hands and body. They also sang as they danced and occasionally they would all yell in unison.

In one dance performed only by men, the leader would make motions with his hands as if keeping someone pushed back into the fire. He would turn his head away and hold his nose, as if to keep out the stench of burning flesh. Then, in perfect English, he would say, "Oh I heard him holler"—this in a singsong fashion, mixed in with his other chanting. It was this dance that kept me from ever wanting to take part in it or in any of the others.

On the whole, these dances were solemn occasions; there was never any talk or laughter from the spectators except for a few times when some of the whites got a little loud. Right away an Indian man would come and say, "You be quiet." I never did see him have to tell them the second time.

I tried to quiz some of my Indian friends about their dances but no one would talk about them. The only answer I ever got was, "Indians who go to church don't go to stomp dances."

BY THE TIME I was eleven or twelve years old I had begun to go hunting with some of my Indian friends. Sometimes I went with boys my own age and sometimes with grown men. During this period I came to the conclusion that the Indian was born with more natural woodcraft than the white man.

One time I was in the woods with an Indian boy about twelve years old by the name of Frank Grayson. We saw a squirrel get in a hole eight or ten feet up on a dead tree. I had a twenty-two rifle but he had no gun at all. He climbed up to the hole and said, "Now get ready. He is going to come out of there like hell after a man, and you shoot him."

Frank took off his old wool cap, drew a long breath, and blew into the hole. Then he stuffed his cap in the hole while he drew another breath. After he repeated this process for the third time, out came the squirrel, and he was really carrying the mail. Of course I didn't get him and he soon disappeared in the forest. At that time it was a mystery to me why the squirrel came out, but as I grew older I learned that this would work only when there was no other outlet from the tree. It is a case of not enough oxygen and too much carbon dioxide from your exhaled breath. The squirrel starts hunting fresh air.

This was not something Frank learned out of a book, for at the time he had less education than I did and he had grown up without a father to teach him such things. I have also seen him trail a skunk to its lair by the scent. Now that might seem simple but try to imagine yourself in a deep forest where you could smell the scent for two or three hundred yards, and try following it to the den.

The Indians I grew up with were very good at tending to their own business, as a rule. If you left them alone, they wouldn't bother you. I knew of one instance when an Indian man standing on a street corner in a small town pulled his .45 six-shooter and killed a man standing on the opposite corner. The only reason he gave for the shooting was that he didn't like the man's looks. He only spent a couple years in prison for this killing.

This Indian was quite wealthy in land and other property. He traveled around the country on a little old Indian pony. For years after he got out of prison he always had a Winchester in a scabbard under his saddle fender and his .45 strapped on. Several years later he was shot and killed by an eighteen-year-old boy. The boy was set free on a plea of self-defense.

SOME of the truest friends I ever had were Indians. There was only one who pretended to be my friend and turned against me. I was eleven years old

(Continued on page 44)

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Those Marryin' Earp Men

(Continued from page 21)

VIRGIL left Tombstone and settled in California, first going to San Francisco for medical treatment, then living in San Luis Obispo, San Diego, Colton (where he was the town's first marshal in 1887), San Bernardino, and Vanderbilt. In the two latter towns he owned gambling halls. He also tried ranching in Texas and was nominated as Republi can candidate for sheriff in 1900 at Prescott, A. T. but withdrew before the election due to his disabled condition.

Virgil died in October 1905 of pneumonia at Goldfield, Nevada. Allie had a long widowhood—until 1947 when she died in Los Angeles at the home of her grand-niece Hildreth Hallowell (granddaughter of Allie's sister, Lydia). Allie's ashes are buried in the grave of Wyatt's sister Adelia in the Mountain View Cemetery at San Bernardino, according to Adelia's daughter, Muryl Sullivan. But, typically, since minor controversy clouded details of their lives to the end, Hildreth Hallowell states that Allie's ashes were spread in a rose garden in Los Angeles. Either place would be appropriate. Adelia was her closest friend. And Allie herself was a rose. Of her, Mrs. Hallowell wrote:

Courtesy Mr John B Sullivan

Aunt Allie (Mrs. Virgil Earp)

"Aunt Allie was one of the most brilliant women I have ever known, but of course was denied an education [she, of course, means schooling, which is far different]—she also had a keen sense of humor and was loved by everyone who knew her."

Wyatt's third wife Josephine and Allie were outwardly civil to one another, but far from cordial. Josephine saw Wyatt to his death in a cheap tourist court at 4004 West 17th Street in Los Angeles on January 13, 1929. She lived till December 19, 1944. When she died she was residing at 1812 West 48th Street in Los Angeles. Her ashes and Wyatt's repose in a common grave in the Hills of Eternity Cemetery at Colma, California just below San Francisco. What ghosts congregate there on foggy nights we may only guess.

Midnight Ride on Black Devil

(Continued from page 13)

But I don't believe you have much chance. It's getting late and it's a long way to a telephone."

"Mr. Loftin, I sure believe I can make it."

I got on my horse and started up the valley toward Mr. Ake's place. He was the postmaster and I had been there to a roundup. I knew he had good horses and I felt that when he knew the situation and how bad I needed a horse he would let me have one.

The more I thought about that job, the worse I wanted it. A boy needs a place where he feels like he is useful and appreciated; a place he can call home and feel secure. I knew there would be work to do but I felt certain I could make good.

I hurried as fast as I could on a lame horse. It was nearly sundown when I arrived and Mr. Ake and his men were just coming out from supper.

"Come in, young man," he said. "It's eating time."

"No thank you, Mr. Ake; not just now," I replied. "I want a horse. I *need* a horse."

He laughed. "What in the world could you want with a horse this time of day? It's night. Desperadoes ride in the night."

But when I told him the situation, he listened seriously. "That's too bad. I wish you could have that job. It would have been a good place for you."

"I'm sure I could still get it if I just had a horse."

"That's just it. I am awful sorry to say I don't have a horse. That is I don't have a horse where I can get my hands on him. There's not a thing around here but Black Devil, and it would be impossible for you to ride *him*."

"I'm sure I could if you would let me have him."

"We don't call him Black Devil for nothing, son. He's as mean as they come and tricky. When you try to get on him he will whirl away from you, kick you, then jerk loose from you and run away with your saddle. That's the way he does. Between here and Christoval there are several gates. When you come to one you have to get down to open it, and when you get down off *that* horse you're never able to get on him again." Mr. Ake spoke with finality.

"I would be very careful with him," I pleaded.

Mr. Ake studied my imploring face a minute and turned to one of the men. "Hoyt," he said, "get Black Devil in here. When the boy sees the horse, he will know what I mean."

SOON a horse darted into the big corral and Hoyt closed the gate. We all walked over to look at him. He was a powerful animal and I thought him very pretty, black as midnight, slick and shiny. What pleased me most was that despite his muscled strength, he was not a tall horse. With short legs like mine, that means a lot.

"Well, let's get my saddle on him," I said. Mr. Ake looked surprised.

We got him in the round corral (which every good ranch has) and managed to rope him and get a halter on him. Then Mr. Ake got on his saddled mount and, taking the rope, slowly eased up close. Working carefully, Hoyt got my bridle on Black Devil. With the reins held close he gently laid the blanket across his back, eased the saddle on, then strapping it tight, stepped back with the reins in his hand and said, "Well, there he is!"

"Give me the reins and hold him till I get on."

"We can hold him till you get on, but what will you do when you get out there by yourself?" Mr. Ake asked.

I didn't think I had any "aces" in the hole, but I did believe I held a trump card or two that I meant to play. When Mr. Ake saw my determination, he turned to Hoyt and said, "Take my horse and this rope and I'll open the gate."

Hoyt got on the big gentle horse, wrapped the rope around the horn of the saddle and we rode outside.

"Hoyt, you'd better go with him to the first gate," Mr. Ake remarked.

"Yes sir, I think I had."

I was on my way! Everyone seemed to think I was crazy, but I knew differently. This was a crisis in my life. I wanted that job and I was going after it, come what may. Somehow I felt completely confident; I knew the black horse had it and I meant to make him deliver.

We came to a gate and Hoyt got down and opened it, leading both horses through. He took the rope off the horn of his saddle, coiled it up and handed it to me. He held my horse's bridle until I buckled it on, all except about seven feet of it.

"Hadn't you better coil that up? It might get in your way."

"No, it won't get in my way. I have a use for it."

"Well, he's all yours. Good luck," and Hoyt turned his own mount toward home.

IT WAS five miles to Tom Taylor's house along a plain, fairly straight and level road. This was where I meant to play my first trump card. They had told me Black Devil was bridle wise, so I knew I could guide him wherever I wanted him to go. I urged him into a trot, faster and faster, then into a gallop, and swinging the doubled end of that rope I let him have it on the left hip.

He shot out of there like a cannonball. I stood in my stirrups and let him have it first on the one side, then on the other, then under the belly. Wow! Black Devil was flying! I didn't spare that rascal one bit, but kept him on a dead run for five miles. He was good and ready to stop and blow a bit when we got to Tom Taylor's gate.

I stepped off and opened it, led him through and on around the buildings to the gate on the other side that led into the Martin pasture. Providentially, the dogs didn't bark. Beyond this last gate I faced my real test. Mr. Ake had said, "If you get off that horse you will never get back on again."

I rubbed the big black horse on the nose, talking quietly while slipping the right rein over his neck, then took the

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A DOG CALLED BALDY

Men and dogs—ready for the hunt.

By ARTHUR CLEMENTS
Photo Courtesy Author

The big suspicion about this hunting dog was that he didn't play fair—if he'd been human he'd have known all the tricks of the spit ball and the advantage of wearing knucks in a boxing glove!

IN THE FALL of 1918, after three-years' drouth, it began to rain. The grass roots had nearly all died and Coke County, Texas was carpeted with the best winter weeds in the memory of the oldest settlers. Tallow weed, filaree, sheep mullet, peaweed and wild rye. The stock had been sold off during the drouth, and people with small ranches decided that what was needed to eat the weeds was sheep.

There was one big problem, though. Coyotes were numerous all around the country and they began coming from everywhere to feast on the lambs. They were so bold they even caught chickens as they came off the roost, and picked up lambs on the other side of the herd with a man sleeping nearby to protect them. Before long some enterprising individual found he could catch the coyotes with a pack of hounds—usually with a greyhound or two to run them by sight after the trail hounds brought them out into the open. It soon got to where a good wolf hound was worth more than a horse. Hunting became the biggest sport of the time. Instead of the young men going to the Saturday night dances, they were out chasing coyotes. Bankers, postmasters and lawyers had a dog or two which they put in with others to form a pack.

Luther Bruton, a small storekeeper at the little community of Edith, made a business of gathering hounds from a hundred miles around, running them with his seasoned wolf dogs and selling them for a profit. He had two dogs, however, that were not for sale. Their names were Judy and Sport and, although there were other fine hounds in the country, Luther was convinced that his were the best. He sold many ordinary dogs by taking a prospective buyer on a coyote hunt and letting the buyer think that said dog was the one leading the pack.

Joe Arledge, a rancher north of the Sanco community, had a lemon-colored Walker hound with a white head. For this reason he was called Baldy. Joe seldom went on our hunts but Baldy never missed. He had an uncanny ability to know when a pack was running a coyote as far as five miles away. When he showed up it would always be near the head of the pack, and there he stayed until the coyote was caught. If by chance the hounds lost the trail it was Baldy who invariably found it again, usually a half mile ahead, and in that case none of the others ever caught up to him until he brought the coyote to bay or killed it.

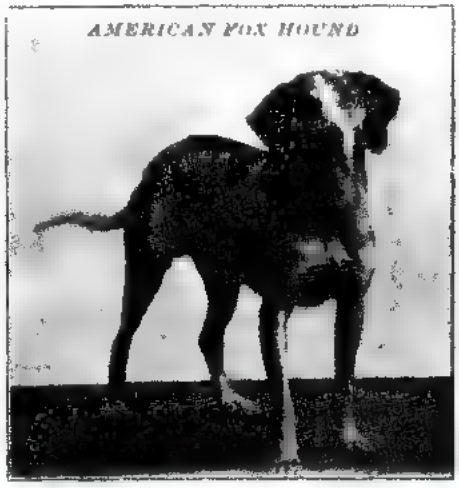
A CONTROVERSY eventually arose over whether Baldy was playing fair. Some argued that he didn't work well with the pack. Others said that he simply had more coyote sense than the others and circled until he found the trail. When he did he opened up, which was all to his credit.

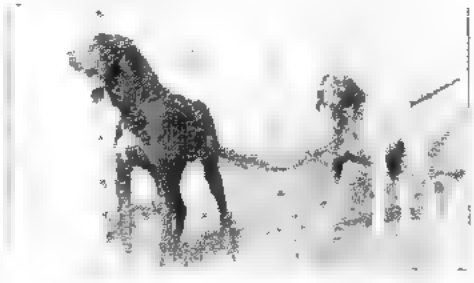
Walter Clubb was another hound man who lived not far from Arledge and had seen Baldy take the lead over every good dog in the country, including Luther's Judy and Sport. On one occasion when Walter knew that a hunt was planned he made a point of having Baldy there for the start of a race.

They all met at a ranch near where the hunt was to be. About fifteen men showed up, with as many hounds. There were three men from the community of Robert Lee, and they had brought a friend from back East someplace, who had never been on a hunt. He had been induced to come after hearing stories of the great joy of listening to a pack of hounds all giving tongue at once when the chase was nearing the finish of a long race.

The hunters sat around drinking coffee and telling stories until about nine o'clock, giving the coyotes time to be on the prowl. You would think that every

(Continued on page 61)





A PAIR OF [illegible]

Midnight Ride on Black Devil

(Continued from page 36)

left cheek of his bridle in my left hand, both reins in my right, stepped toward the saddle and yanked his head around to me. Then I took the horn in my right hand, put my foot in the stirrup and started bouncing on the toes of my right foot in order to confuse him.

About the third or fourth bounce I went into the saddle like a flash. From there on it was ride, ride, pounding on and on from one wire gate to the next. But time was passing. I had never been able to afford a watch so didn't know what time it was, but every minute was dear.

Before long I saw light almost straight ahead, and we turned into the road that ran from Sonora to San Angelo, about half a mile from Christoval. It was only a little town but its few blinking lights looked good to me. I was gratified to find the hotel lights still burning as we dashed up. I tied my horse to the hitching rack in front and went in, introducing myself to a man who said his name was Cobb.

"What will it be, a good room for the night?" he asked.

"Not this time, Mr. Cobb. Thank you. I just want to use your telephone."

"You are welcome to do that. It's right over there on the desk."

I stared at the phone and turned to Mr. Cobb, "You are accustomed to using the telephone but I never have. Would you please call San Angelo for me—the O. K. Wagonyard?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, and stepped toward the phone.

My heart was beating wildly. What if Mr. Hobbs wasn't there? He could be stopping with friends or relatives, or out in town and no one would know where to find him. I took a deep breath and whispered to Mr. Cobb, "Ask for Mr. Hobbs."

"Is Mr. Hobbs there?" the hotel man queried.

"Yes, he's right here, just hold the line."

I took the little thing on the end of the string and a man's voice said, "Hello."

"Mr. Hobbs?"

"Yes, this is Allen Hobbs."

"This is Neil Jefferson speaking. I heard today that Mr. Loftin needed a man to work on the ranch, and I went over to see him about it. He told me he'd give me the job if I would go to the telephone and call you, and tell you he had already hired a man so you wouldn't need to try to find one in San Angelo."

"You say that Mr. Loftin has already hired a man?"

"Yes sir, that's right."

"That's fine with me. Goodbye."

NOW I had a good job! After a big supper the trip back was much less harrowing except that I got gloriously lost. It was about midnight and I just could not find the road.

The sky was clear, though, and I had been taught how to locate the North Star from the Big Dipper. I knew my general direction was southeast, so if I went directly east until I came to the pasture fence, then turned right down the fence, I would come to the gate and my road again. It was no easy task to do this, riding a wild horse among all the rocks, ditches, and mesquite trees and brush, but eventually I arrived at Mr. Ake's.

When I called to him to find out what to do with Black Devil, his voice from the house boomed out, "Hello! Hello! Who is it? What! You mean you've been to Christoval? I can't believe it! Well, well! Just put the horse in the corral."

I parted with that big rascal with a sense of gratitude and a feeling of admiration, saddled my own horse and made my way back to the Steeple O. Next morning, with all my worldly possessions in one flour sack, I moved over to Mr. Loftin's to a real home. They were most considerate and very helpful to me.

The Loftins hadn't been married very long. She was a music teacher and they had met through a circuit rider, one of those brave souls who used to make long trips across West Texas on horseback with hope in the heart and a Bible in the saddle bag. There was no church to attend, but Mattie Loftin had brought her piano and we had music. On Sunday afternoons we sang Gospel hymns.

I stayed there until I saved enough money to go to school, and went directly from Mr. Loftin's ranch to Howard Payne College in Brownwood, Texas, and enrolled there when James Harvey Grove was president. Before I was through with school, I attended six colleges and universities, graduating from two, North Texas State and Baylor University. It all began with my midnight ride on Black Devil.

General Godfrey

(Continued from page 31)

soon learned they had much in common. The latter had made an exhaustive study of the Battle, and for that matter, even though Godfrey had been in the Custer fight, he kept reviewing the matter and seeking new information the rest of his life. Both Taintor and Godfrey were intimately acquainted with Mrs. Custer and liked and admired her immensely.

That night Taintor turned one of the roundup beds over to Godfrey and Huffman, while he and Johnson took the other. After a good night's sleep, Godfrey had revived to such an extent that he didn't even feel any bad effects from his ordeal of the day before. In fact, he felt so pert that after breakfast he got on his horse and rode around to see if he could remember any of the country. In so doing he was soon able to locate the Crow's Nest—that high ridge about a half-mile south of the present ranch buildings of Charles Secrest.

This point has a commanding position, and from its top you can see both the valley of the Little Bighorn and the Rosebud. On the evening of June 24, 1876, Custer directed Varnum to take some scouts with him, ride to this high point, and report back of what he had seen after daybreak. Varnum took Mitch Bouyer, Charlie Reynolds, and some Ree and Crow scouts, leaving camp shortly after 9 o'clock. When they arrived at the foot of the Crow's Nest, they promptly went to sleep. The next morning at daylight, they climbed the lookout to take their observations. Though Varnum was unable to see anything pertaining to a village, the scouts with their sharp eyes detected the vast herd of ponies on the benches across the river and the smoke from teepee fires. Varnum took the scouts at their word and sent one of the Rees with a message to Custer telling him of what they had discovered.

Later in the forenoon Custer himself

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Custer's last camp on the Rosebud, near the place where the station of Busby now stands.

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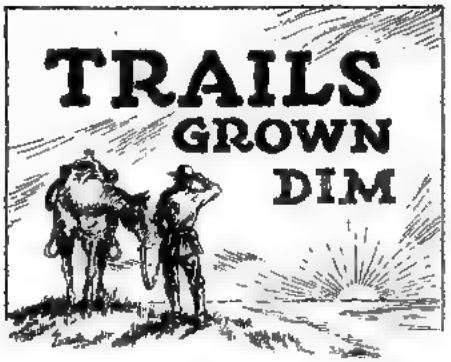

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Sarah E. Henry-Samuel Bray

Sarah E. Henry and Samuel Bray were my grandparents. She was born and grew up in Tennessee and married Samuel just before or during the Civil War. She was born May 19, 1841; he, in New York State on August 24, 1832. I never had any information and never knew any of her relatives. All I know is that she worked in the cotton fields when and after the war broke out. I never knew why Samuel was in Tennessee, but he was drafted into the Southern army. Any information about them would be appreciated.—George C. Benson, P. O. Box 746, Ralston, Wyoming 82440

Garren-Jones-Kenton-Linscum

Job Garren, born before 1800, married Rebecca Jones, and they lived in Delaware County, Indiana. Mary Elizabeth Irene Kenton, daughter of John, married Samuel Garren. He was the son of John and Sarah Arnold Linscum Garren of Delaware County, Indiana, later of Richardson County, Nebraska and Scott County, Kansas. I am trying to trace relationships to Simon Kenton. Effie G. Herrick, Ness County Bank Building, Ness City, Kansas 67560

Minor

Joshua and Phebe Minor were my great-grandparents. They were early pioneers and homesteaders of Fannin County, Texas. Joshua died there August 12, 1867, leaving his wife with seven children. I know only four of the children's names: Louis V., my grandfather; William T., John E., and Cordelia A. They were all born in Texas.

Louis V. died when my father, Mont Henry Minor, was very small and my father had no memory of his family. They were still in Fannin County in 1880. Phebe Minor was fifty-seven years old at that time. She was born in Ohio.

William T. was made guardian of my father and his two sisters, Ida Minor and Nettie, and also the other children who were heirs of land in Fannin County. This was in 1899 and their names and ages were: Olie Briggs, a boy, age 11; Cora Briggs, 8; Myrtle Briggs, 4; Ethel Minor, 8; and Roy Minor, 4.

Their homestead was in Ranking survey and M. I. Jiminez survey. This is the information recorded in Fannin County, and I hope that relatives and friends with any knowledge of these people will write to me.—Genevieve Minor Murray, Box 866, Eden, Texas 76837

Holley

I would be interested in hearing from anyone who has information about the Holley family, originally from Alabama. Two of the brothers, Sion and Dick, served in the Confederate forces from that state. From Alabama they came to Mt. Enterprise, Texas, where Sion married Mary Holleman in 1867 and Dick married Charlcie Gage in 1868. Sion, my great-great-grandfather, lived most of his life near Mena, Arkansas. The following were brothers and sisters: Susan C.; Richard R. (Dick); Sion; Bass; Martha E.; and Mariah.—Timothy Mangham, Rt. 2, Box 371, Chico, California 95926

Moore-Knapp-Edwards-Long-Leck

George W. Moore was born in Indiana in 1821. He married Emma Knapp, born 1827, Indiana; died 1866, Mercer County, Illinois. At age forty-three George enlisted in Co. G, 58th Illinois Infantry, and was mustered out February 16, 1866. He then removed with his children to St. Clair County, Missouri. In 1874 he went to California where he worked as a hunter, supplying meat for the Southern Pacific Railroad. Two of his sons, Francis M. and Hiram S., also worked for the Southern Pacific. They helped build the San Bernardino Tunnel and helped build the railroad through Texas.

George's children were: Hiram S., born 1847, Iowa; John G., born 1849 and died young; Francis Marion, born 1850, Davenport, Iowa, married Eva Dial Edwards in 1887; Mary, born 1853, Illinois, married a Long; Annie E., born 1854, Illinois, married William J. Heath of Missouri in 1874; Mira, born 1858, Illinois, married a Long; Nancy; married William Leck; Daniel; and Lewis.

I would love to hear from any dedescendants of this Moore family and also from anyone with information of the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad through Texas.—Mrs. Margo Mulberry, N. 6404 Howard, Spokane, Washington 99208

Parker

Perry Anderson Parker was born September 18, 1856 in Milam County, Texas. His parents were Henry and Nancy Black Parker. We would like to have information of the ancestors.—Mrs. L. V. Parker, 310 S. Fannin, Rockwall, Texas 75087

Kachel

I an seeking information on the Kachel family, especially my paternal grandfather, John Lewis Kachel. He was an old-time Texas Ranger. He left his wife and children at Orion, Oklahoma about 1902 and went to western Montana to work on a ranch for a brother, named William or Will. His father's name was Samuel William Kachel, and John Lewis was the oldest of fifteen children. He never returned to Oklahoma.

Some of his brothers and sisters were Jake, Richard, Henry, Mary, Levi, Emma and Ella, besides William. I am anxious to know if there are any Kachel descendants in or around Ovando, Montana.—Mrs. Alice Kachel Shook, P. O. Box 411, Beaver, Oklahoma 73932

Warner-Blackstock

I am trying to obtain information about my grandmother, Mollie Warner, supposedly born in Oklahoma. She married Thomas Blackstock of Cotton Plant, Arkansas around 1865-1870. I shall be indebted for information on her place of birth, date of marriage and where she is buried.—Major Raymond J. Holloway, USAR, Ret., 300 S. Nimbus Avenue, Apt. 2, Clearwater, Florida 33515

Edwards-Mackey

My great-grandparents were George Washington Edwards, Sr. and Susanna Mackey. George was born September 18, 1845 in or near Frankfort, Kentucky. Susanna was born in Illinois, April 24, 1849. The names of parents, brothers, or sisters for either of them are unknown. George moved from Kentucky to Illinois. He and Susanna were married March 25, 1866 at Petersburg, Illinois and lived in that vicinity until after 1881. From Illinois they moved to Nebraska in the Kearney County area and from Nebraska they moved to Washington State. They had nine children, all born in Illinois: Laura A.; George Washington, Jr.; Sarah Francis (Fanny); Nettie (Ellen Mae); William Elvie; Orientle E.; twins, Nora May and Flora May; and Lucinda Rella Allie Lee.

Was George W. Edwards related to the first territorial governor of Illinois, N. Edwards? N. Edwards also went from Kentucky to Illinois. Is there a link with the family of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln's family? Can anyone help me?—Mrs. H. C. Rose, Box 82, Oshkosh, Nebraska 69145

Childers-Steele

I would like to hear from anyone who has information on the following people: Alford Maloy Childers, born 1837; his sons, William (Bud), born 1871; John W., Jr.; Ben, 1889-1956; James "Jim" Franklin, 1886-1934; and his daughters, Liza Jane Childers Humphrey, 1880-1974; Mary Francis Childers Smith, 1872; and Margaret Elizabeth Childers, 1868. The Childers family originated somewhere on the southern East Coast, then moved to Texas via Kentucky. They settled in the Red River County area in Texas and later spread out and into Oklahoma. I'd like to hear from anyone named Childers, even if they don't recognize

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General Godfrey

(Continued from page 38)

came to the Crow's Nest to confirm the reports of the scouts. At first the General was unable to see any sign of a village and was doubtful there were any in the valley of the Little Bighorn. Then Charlie Reynolds went up to him and told him where to look. Custer then was able to see the vast pony herds on the benches beyond the river and the smoke from the fires.

IN GOING down the Middle Fork of Reno Creek, Taintor stayed as close as possible to Godfrey for he was anxious to learn if the latter would remember the country they were passing through. But though they went for miles down this creek, Godfrey was unable to recognize any of it. Not until they reached a point about a mile and a half from the mouth of Reno Creek did Godfrey get his bearings. At this place he pointed to a large flat between North Reno and Middle Fork saying that was the place where Martin trotted up with the since famous message—Benteen come on, big village, be quick, bring packs. P.S. bring packs.

General Godfrey went on to attend the fortieth anniversary of the Custer Battle, and had a wonderful time. It is quite certain, however, that he and Huffman never forgot that terrible ride from Thompson Creek to Davis Creek, or their timely rescue by Charley Taintor.

Klondike Mike

(Continued from page 29)

on an upland meadow, covered with wolf tracks, and for the first time since leaving the Indians Mike felt he knew where he was going.

He shared this confidence with the old Judge and, when distant timber wolves began to howl that night, even that seemed to comfort him. As the night progressed, Mike could tell the wolves were drawing closer but by then he had other things to occupy his time. A gale had started up, hurling the fine particles of snow against him and the dogs like a sandblaster. Mike knew he should hole up against such a wind but he doubted if his food supply could stand the delay.

MIKE picked his way down a narrow, rocky gulch, strewn with boulders. At times he had to unhitch the sled and lower it over steep declines. Down and down he went, until tired and weary, he was forced to make camp. Instead of dozing peacefully after being fed, the huskies moved restlessly around the fire with hackles raised. It was then Mike first suspected the wolves had picked up his trail. Later, a lone howl was answered by howls from every direction and he knew they were circling his camp.

Normally Mike Mahoney wouldn't have given the wolves a second thought but he hadn't seen any game at all in this country. Mike undid the coffin, placed it upright against a tree, and built a huge fire.

Mike crawled into his sleeping bag and went to sleep, but three times that night he was awakened by the dogs snarling. Each time he placed more wood on the fire. Once he thought he saw the wolves —vague forms sliding in and out of the forest.

When morning came two dogs were missing. What had happened to them was evident from a bloody circle tramped down in the snow a short distance from camp.

Mike had gone to sleep tired and he was still tired. With only seven dogs the work would be harder. All day, drifts, glare ice, overflows, open water and culde-sacs impeded him as he labored down the decline. One of his dogs became sorefooted and he had to unhitch it. When they stopped that night both man and beasts were totally exhausted. It was then Mike realized he had lost track of time; he didn't know whether he'd been on the trail ten days or twenty.

Things weren't going well. There had been no rest for forty-eight hours and Mike was nearing the bottom of the grub bags. As soon as darkness fell, the wolves closed in. Mike could see their eyes, and his huskies growled continually. This night Mike placed the coffin by the fire, instead of against a tree. He was so sleepy it took a great effort to keep the fire going. He would fall into a doze only to be roused by the growling of his dogs.

The next day was the same except they were more tired and went slower. Another dog gave out. But one good thing happened—Mike shot a rabbit and ate it, giving the dogs the remainder of his food. They all felt better for awhile but when darkness came so did the wolves, closer and bolder. Mike sat with his back against the coffin, fighting to keep awake and holding long, one-sided conversations with the corpse.

DAWN came at last. Mike was deadtired. There was no food but he boiled a little hot water to warm himself. When he set off, only four dogs were able to pull. By noon he reached a watercourse that he felt just possibly might lead to the Copper River. He had to lower the sled over a steep cliff, which nearly drained his strength, but down the watercourse he went, stumbling and rising again. Once he saw a fox but when he tried to shoot it he found he could no longer steady his rifle. The shot missed by twenty feet and the startled fox took off.

That night in camp even the simplest chore was an ordeal. Mike decided all he could do was chop one tree and let the fire burn slowly up its trunk. He was so

(Continued on page 42)

Courtesy Anchorage Historical and Fine Arts Museum

News article from the *Valdez News*, December 31, 1904.

VALDEZ NEWS.

VALDEZ, ALASKA, SATURDAY DECEMBER 31, 1904.

BODY ARRIVES

Remarkable Trip Made Out From Fairbanks.

Mike Mahoney and Chas. Gillis arrived last Wednesday from Fairbanks with the body of Ex Mayor Humes of Seattle. They left Fairbanks on Dec. 10 but they laid over four days, thus making the trip in 16 days' actual traveling time. Many of these were short days as little traveling was done except in daylight as it was desired to take every precaution against accident.

Mr Mahoney says his unusual load was most cumbersom and difficult to handle. The casket and box weighed nearly 500 pounds. It was 6½ feet long, 2½ feet deep and 2½ feet wide. This waight in one place placed on a dog sled was a top heavy load, besides on top of it there had to be placed the camp outfit dog food, etc. In all they had about 800 pounds. The team consisted of seven dogs. Mr. Mahoney is enthusiastic over the Valdez route to and from Tanana. He says it is by far the easiest trail besides being less than half as far. He says the trip will be made this winter with dog team in from 9 to 12 days and with relays it can be made even quicker. Mr. Mahoney has travelled over nearly all the winter routes in Alaska. He is a veteran mail carrier and has been on the trail behind a dog team since 1894. He carried the mail from Skagway to Nome and on various routes along the Yukon, and he says the Valdez trail to Tanana is the easiest winter route he knows of in the north. He says he had rather make the trip over this route than that from Dawson to Whitehorse.

Mr. Mahoney gives a graphic description of the difficulties to be encountered on the Yukon trail, and makes a comparison which is most favorable to the Valdez route. He says the freeze up on the Yukon leaves the ice in great hummocks and in such a rough condition that it is impossible to travel over it. It is then necessary to take along the shore ice which generally makes a very sideling trail owing to the river falling and letting the ice down in the middle. These difficulties are not found on the Valdez trail but there is easy and comparative smooth going all the way.

As soon as the facts concerning this trail are known, Mr Mahoney says the entire winter travel to and from Fairbanks will be over this route. He traveled over the route from Fairbanks to Circle, and says it is by far more difficult at its best than is this trail. He says it is from 50 to 75 miles farther from Fairbanks to Dawson than from Fairbanks to Valdez.

The body of Judge Humes will be sent out on the steamer Santa Clara, and will be accompanied by Mr. Mahoney, who will return immediately, however, and go back to Fairbanks over the snow. He has left his dogs at Wortman's roadhouse until his return.

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BLIZZARD on HOG EYE MESA

By LYO LEE as told to EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

It's hard on a man to accept a favor from an enemy — but it's also hard on a man to freeze to death...

Above, an early photo of Lyo Lee working cattle at Quemado, New Mexico. Below, Lyo and horse, Aunt Ruby, about 1960.

BECAUSE I was flat broke I worked as a section hand at Grants, New Mexico until I could get my saddle out of hock, but not until I got it to the wagon did I discover that my slicker was missing. The pawnshop was closed when I got back so I decided to go without it. By getting an early start the next morning I could cross the Divide and make Trechado by evening. That late in the spring we were not apt to have rain.

I left at four a.m. and it was light enough that I had no difficulty in finding the trail that turned south to The Narrows. For a horse, that route along the edge of the *malpais* presented little difficulty. It was much like an arroyo but deeper. The yellow stud I'd roped on Hog Eye Mesa seemed to know he was homeward bound and needed no urging.

I got my watch out but there was not enough light for me to see what time it was. That, I thought at first, was owing to my being between deep bluffs, but before the yellow horse began the steep climb that led to the top of the mesa a light rain began to fall. I wished then that I had waited for the shop to open to retrieve my slicker.

As I topped out I was struck by a fierce wind, piercingly cold, and ice pellets stung my face. It was in a little valley on this mesa that I had caught the stud I was riding. Several times I had sighted him and his wild bunch, and I had always wanted that stallion. I told one of the Navajo boys at Alamocitos Creek about it and he invited me to join a hunt he and some friends were planning. He warned me, though, that they walked the horses down and obviously thought I would refuse to attempt it, but I'd long wanted to join just such a hunt and told him I'd give it a try.

As soon as the moon was full we were to go up on a little knoll from which we would have a good view in all directions, and look for the herd. It kept within the confines of a depression which was not at its widest diameter more than twelve miles. At intervals in the foothills there were springs and seeps at which the horses could water. Hosteen Begay explained their plan of campaign: Each man was to take a canteen of water and a buckskin bag of jerky. We were to leave our horses in a corral, and when a man had been stationed at each watering place one, on foot, was to start the herd and keep it moving—not hurriedly, but fast enough that the horses could not stop to graze. When they thought the horses were sufficiently exhausted they were to drive them into a little corral in a side canyon with brush wings to conceal the trap. The walls were thick enough that a horse could not see through it, and high enough that he could not jump it. A horse will not attempt to jump a barrier through which or over which he cannot see.

(Continued on page 58)

Klondike Mike

(Continued from page 40)

weak it took him hours to chop the tree with a little hand ax. Even so, he barely got the fire started because his shaking hand fumbled the matches. The wolves began their nightly howling and crept in, bolder now, and more frightening. All that night Mike fought sleep. If he dozed that meant no fire, and no fire meant no fear in the wolves. No fear in the wolves meant the end of Mike Mahoney.

In spite of his efforts he dozed too long toward morning. When he awoke, the fire had gone out. He tried to blow the coals into life but he didn't have the wind to do it. Mike was about to give up. He'd gone his last step, given it his best, and now there was nothing more he could do. His eyes were sore and bleary and his vision clouded when he tried to focus on anything.

Suddenly Mike saw vague forms moving toward him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking his sanity was going also. Then a husky barked and Mike strained once more to see. Two Indians were coming toward him—and on their shoulders were four freshly-killed rabbits.

Unknown to Mike, his trip had become the hottest news item in the country. When he left Fairbanks, a telegram had notified the Humes family that Mike and the Judge could be expected in Valdez in two weeks. Newspapers in the States caught word of this unique journey and rushed some reporters to the scene. When Mike didn't turn up on schedule, the newspapers spectulated endlessly on what his fate had been. All the residents along the Copper River were waiting for Mike to break through somewhere, and trappers and others had been alerted to keep their eyes peeled.

Twenty-four days after leaving Fairbanks, Mike was found by the two Indian trappers. They cooked the rabbits and carried him to their camp. Then Mike slept around the clock under the watchful care of an old Indian woman.

MIKE learned he had come out on the Gulkana River, about 100 miles north of Valdez. When he grew a little stronger he pushed on to Copper Center. The residents of Copper Center knew the great mountain barrier better than most and had been sure no one could penetrate it. Therefore when Mike, still looking fit and healthy, casually swung his dog into town, excitement burst over the village like a Fourth of July cannon. Word was flashed to Valdez and the outside world that big Mike Mahoney had come out. He was immediately plagued with wires from reporters wanting the story of his trip. He told a fellow at the telegraph office something to the effect of —"Give them a good story and you might as well mention the wolves."

Later Mike read every exaggerated account of his wolf encounter and regretted he'd made the impulsive statement. It caused him no little consternation when he read how he'd tied burning pine knots on his wrists to keep awake and how his hair was now streaked with white.

MIKE spent the night at Copper Center discussing the new trail with prospectors who wanted to get to Fairbanks as soon as possible. By morning, three or four parties were already making plans to hit his trail before new snow obscured it.

As Mike left the settlement the funeral sled had an honorary escort of twelve men for more than an hour. It was the same at every settlement; men came out to run along with the legendary figure. The journey was becoming more and more like a mighty conqueror returning in triumph.

At Beaverdam Roadhouse, a stage and horses, sent by a committee of town fathers in Valdez, were waiting to convey Judge Humes on the last lap. Arrangements had also been made to ship the body south on a streamer leaving in three days. Mike naturally assumed he would accompany it.

The stage was halfway to Valdez before Mike became suspicious that there were no plans for him to deliver or accompany Judge Humes to Seattle, that the local committee planned to keep Mike out of the picture entirely. But Mike Mahoney had not endured twenty-four days of hardship to be pushed aside just when the gravy was coming in. When the stage stopped at Comfort. Roadhouse, Mike had a few pointed words with the committee.

After it was all over, the coffin was back on the sled, the dogs hitched up, and Mike and the Judge continued the journey as they had begun it—alone.

Mike reached Valdez the evening of December 31 twenty-eight days from Fairbanks. He'd opened up the first direct route from the ocean to that isolated boomtown. For years it was known as the Mahoney Trail, for the most part a forerunner of the Richardson Trail which became the present-day Richardson Highway. Three or four days later, Mike and the remains of Judge Humes set sail on the *Santa Clara* for Seattle.

Three months had passed since the Judge's death and the arrival of his body back home. In the meanwhile, newspapers had played up every aspect of the gruesome journey from the north. In Seattle, Judge Humes' body was placed in state in the auditorium where throngs of people passed by in respect.

Mike, of course, became a public hero. The Humes family doubled the original fee. Seattle gave him the freedom of the city and a purse of gold in gratitude. A railroad club gave Mike a rail pass good anywhere in the United States or Canada.

Mike decided to visit his folks in Canada for the first time in over eight years but he wasn't there a week before he itched to return north. He was back in Valdez by March.

Going back over the "Mahoney Trail" to Fairbanks, Mike found it completely changed. Already easier paths had been found up the rough valleys that he'd had to blaze when he was dead tired and starving. Roadhouses had been set up every twenty miles or so along the route, including one on either side of the pass. His trip to Fairbanks only took twelve days. There, on the thirteenth day of March, Mike was received in the classic manner of the North. An all-night party was immediately declared and as to just how many bottles of creme soda Mike drank (he never touched liquor) well, who can say?

Author's note: While outside research has plainly substantiated the basic facts of this story, many of the secondary details rest solely on Mike Mahoney's personal account in his book, *Klondike Mike: An Alaskan Odyssey*. No doubt he was convinced he was the first white man over this trail but an article in the *Valley News* of February 6, 1904 clearly describes nearly the same trail and mentions that some mail service had already gone over it. It was, however, a very new trail and evidence shows that the stage line and roadhouses were not built until a month after Mike's trip. Certainly the trail was not opened to the great bulk of travelers until then.

It was also from Mike's book that I got the story of the wolves and his running out of food, something which I could neither conclusively prove nor disprove from other sources. Did Mike exaggerate some details? Perhaps; perhaps not; it was impossible to examine every newspaper of the day. So whether the press actually blew up Mike's exploits, as he

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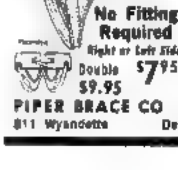

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implied was the case, is an unresolved question; the basic facts of Mike's remarkable trip with the body of Judge Humes, however, has clear evidence to uphold it.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

at the time and he was about my size and age. I had spent the night with him in his home and the next morning he suggested we have a wrestling match. I pinned him quite easily and I think this was due to the fact I had worked in the fields, farming, since I was six or seven years old and he had never done anything he hadn't wanted to do.

After our wrestling match the boy ran into a brushy ravine in back of the house and hid from me. After a few moments I asked his mother about this behavior and she said he was mad. About twenty minutes later he came back and said he was going to his grandmother's house, about a half mile across a field which was overgrown with weeds higher than my head. I started to go with him but he only went a short way and sat down beside the trail in the tall weeds, took out his knife and started whittling. I took the hint and headed for home since I didn't have a knife of my own and thought I was out-classed.

This boy's father was one of the wealthier Indians in that part of the country and was an interpreter for the tribe in his locality. I never did know where their wealth came from unless the father made it gambling. I know he gambled because one time when I arrived there with his son after school, there was a big poker game in progress in the living room of their home. The father and one of the other players had .45 six-shooters lying beside their stacks of money. Shortly after we arrived, the game broke up.

The Indians had two basic foods. One they called Tom Fuller and the other was sofeka. I don't remember ever eating any Tom Fuller but I have eaten sofeka and so far as I could tell it was either fresh or canned corn, boiled in water, without salt or any seasoning. It wasn't a very tasty dish but neither was any of their food that I ever ate. They also made biscuits and cornbread without salt or seasoning and I know it was not because they couldn't afford them.

Most of our Indian neighbors were very poor farmers; they usually raised more grass and weeds than anything else. I remember one year it was very dry. We hadn't had any rain for many weeks; farm crops and range land were drying up. One Sunday morning I met an old Indian walking toward the South Canadian River. He said he was going to whip a turtle to make it rain. Well, two days later we had a good rain. I never did know if the Indian had found a turtle to whip.

One Indian I was acquainted with got real industrious one spring. He tilled the soil good and planted sixty acres of cotton, then went to the bank and borrowed all the money he could get on it, which was considerable at the time. Then he forgot all about his cotton field—never thinned or cultivated it at all—so naturally he didn't produce any cotton. When fall came and all the other farmers picked their cotton and hauled it to the gin, the banker met this Indian on the street one day and asked him when he was going to pick his cotton, bring it in, and pay off his note. The Indian said, "There is nothing to pick. I sold it to you."

At the age of nineteen I got itchy feet and left Oklahoma for points West. Since that time I have roamed from the Mexican border to Canada, and have met a few of most of the Western tribes, but I never got to know any of them as I did the Creeks.

WHEN A COUNTY SHERIFF WAS RAILROADED

IN ATTEMPTING to do his duty in 1874 the sheriff of Brown County, Kansas landed in the mud, according to this story from the Leavenworth *Weekly Times*, March 12, 1874:

"The sheriff and his deputy had a fine ride on the St. Joseph and Denver City railroad the other day—and also an eight-mile walk home again.

"Some citizens of Brown County to whom the railroad company is indebted had obtained a judgment against the company, and an attachment had been placed in the hands of the sheriff. That officer, armed with the document, and accompanied by his trusty deputy, stationed himself at Hiawatha on Monday last to await the arrival of the freight train from St. Joseph. In due time the train drew up, and Joe Packard, the engineer, jumped from the locomotive and stepped into the office, leaving the fireman in charge of the machine. The sheriff and his deputy marched on board the engine and solemnly read the ponderous legal document to the fireman, the purport of which was that the engine must remain in the hands of the Brown County officials until released by due process of law.

"Joe Packard got wind of what was transpiring and, jumping aboard his engine, told the sheriff that he must pull out and back up on the side track, to keep clear of the passenger train which was then due. The sheriff, of course, consented. Joe threw the throttle wide open, and away they went. The switch was soon left far behind, and the sheriff, seeing he was caught, ordered Joe, in the name of Brown County, Kansas to stop.

"Joe told him that he was not acquainted with Brown County, had received no official orders other than to make time to Marysville, and that he was running that machine. Mr. Sheriff swore and at length begged, and after he had run eight miles, Joe slacked his train sufficiently to let the sheriff and deputy jump off and roll over several times in the mud, and then put on all steam and pressed ahead at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour until he was out of the county. The nonplussed officers picked themselves up and footed it back to Hiawatha.

"At two or three other stations in the county, deputies had also been stationed, but Packard didn't stop for them. The next day, on his return, he ran through Brown County without a single stop, and showed his heels to the astonished Hiawathians at the rate of forty miles an hour."—*Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society*, Topeka.

DEAR READERS, TAKE HEART!

POST OFFICES were among the first public institutions to be established in early Nebraska communities. Those located in rural areas were often in the homes of a local resident. Such offices served the inhabitants of the immediate area who otherwise would have had to travel a considerable distance for their mail. Prior to the beginning of regular railroad service in Nebraska, mail deliveries were infrequent at best, carried by boat, stagecoach, horseback or on foot. And if we may believe an article which appeared in the Nebraska City *News* in March 1859, current problems in postal efficiency had their historical counterparts in Territorial Nebraska.

Since the early Nebraska editors depended heavily on eastern newspapers for many of the articles they published, the following tirade against the postal service may have had some justification:

We are indebted to some theivish postmaster, scoundrely clerk, or lazy and dunken booby of a driver on some horse heavy and spavined mule line for late and valuable papers. They bear date—The Michigan REPUBLICAN, August 28, 1858;—the Cleveland PLAINDEALER, October 31, 1858; the one about eight months, the other five months on its way to this city. The reason is obvious. There are a parcel of deaf, dumb, blind illiterate postmasters who can neither read, write, spell, taste, think, feel or speak the English language so as to be understood with any degree of accuracy. They are a mixture of low Dutch and worse Irish with the most degraded and meanest specimens of the Pawnee Indians and Yancton Sioux. They are generally asleep when the mail passes, or are drunk, but unfortunately not dangerously poisoned, with strychnine whiskey. As for the mail contractors, they are no more fit for the office than to drive a stag team across the plains in the employ of Russel, Majors, and Waddell. In this latter capacity they would instantly be discharged on the ground of mental imbecility and physical incompetency. Nothing moves them out of a snale pace along their mud-wagon line unless it be a volcanic eruption or a tremendous earthquake.

Is it to be wondered that half of our letters are lost, and our papers that ought to come through in five days are eight months reaching us? We are not surprised that the Post Office department at Washington is running behind. Not in the least.

Apparently most postal employes did not share these attributes, or there would have been no mail delivered at all. . . .

Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.

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WANTED: ONE POSTMASTER

By PAUL PERRY

Illustrated by K. L. Mackey

* Rain and sleet and dark of night are not the only things that can get in the way of a mailman's appointed task! *

OUT ACROSS the darkness that was Williamson Valley in 1875, shortly after he bought a fifth of whiskey from William Simmons and quite awhile before he caught up with "Fatty Smith" and Mike Meehan (alias "Mike McCool"), James Giles began regretting his theft of more than $9,000 from the money order fund of the Prescott, Arizona post office.

It was not the type of thing the public would expect of its postmaster, least of all one who had served in the first four Territorial Legislatures and who had managed to become Speaker of the House of the second one.

But hadn't the public worked him from four in the morning until nine at night? Hadn't they been responsible for his raw nerves and heavy drinking habits? If Giles slowed his horse for a moment while thinking of his public duty, he surely spurred it ahead when he thought of the late hours he had put in, and the physical damage the job of postmaster had caused him. As he rode from Prescott, Giles was sure his days of public office were done. He didn't care.

Before his short-lived desperado days, James Giles was what you could call a fine public servant—a real solid citizen. He was commended at one point as being the finest Speaker of the House the Territorial Legislature had ever

(Continued on next page)

seen. That was no great accomplishment because, at that time, he was Speaker of the second legislature which left him in competition with only his predecessor. But, technicalities aside, he won the esteem of his fellow House members and left after the fourth legislature with a clean political slate.

After ranching for a year on Lower Granite Creek, Giles saved enough money to take a vacation. From 1869 until 1873 he traveled Missouri, Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas, returning to Prescott only when his money was gone.

IN 1874 James Giles was appointed postmaster of Prescott. Whether drinking or the strain of the job drove Giles to a self-proclaimed case of temporary insanity is hard to say. The newspapers claimed his problems stemmed from the bottle; Giles blamed the long hours required by his job.

On July 9, 1875 he tendered his resignation. Then he issued a statement to the *Arizona Miner*: "My resignation of the office of Postmaster at Prescott will be sent to the President by next mail. It is for the people to petition, naming my successor. Slaving from four o'clock in the morning till nine at night is breaking me down, and I am going to give it up. There is more work in the office than one man can do, but the compensation is not sufficient for two. I apologize to anyone to whom I may have given a curt reply. Try it yourself and you will see how hard it is to always keep your temper."

Giles proved to have been better at keeping money-order receipts than at keeping his temper. On August 15 he left town on horseback and raised dust in the direction of Mohave County. An investigation of the postmaster's office the next day showed that no money-order receipts had been dispatched since July 17 and that money orders sent to Prescott had not been paid by Giles because he claimed no authorization had been given him to make payment.

So far as the investigators could tell, none of the mail in the office had been tampered with, an oversight that the *Arizona Miner* credited to stupidity. "It has not yet been ascertained whether he has purloined any letters from the mail or not, though it is quite clear that he is mean enough to have done so, and if that branch of his duty as a first-class thief has been neglected, it has been because he was too stupid with liquor to think of it. So far as heard from, all registered letters that have not been retained in the office, have gone through all right without being tampered with. . . . Why he didn't rifle them of their contents is 'a riddle that no fellow can find out'."

The *Miner* also reported that money orders made up in June had shown up as far away as Kansas without advices, leading investigators to believe the stealing had started a month before Giles' resignation.

Investigators were correct in their assumption. Giles had purloined more than $3,000 over the two and one-half months. They were also correct in another assumption: Giles had not committed the deed alone. People reported seeing Giles, Mike Meehan (alias Mike McCool), and Fatty Smith on the road to Mohave County.

Investigators doubted Fatty's involvement with the thieving scheme. He was, after all, a former sheriff of Mohave County and thought to be just traveling in the same direction. His honesty was not questioned.

Mike McCool's honesty was in doubt. Reports filtering to the *Arizona Miner* from Whiskey Row revealed that McCool bought "a span of horses, light wagon and complete traveling outfit of provisions, etc., it is believed, with money from the P. O., and started on Saturday morning by himself in the direction of Mohave."

Giles followed later that night, stopping in Williamson Valley long enough to wake William Simmons at two in the morning to buy a fifth of whiskey. Then he was off again to his rendezvous with McCool.

DESCRIPTION

James S. Giles is about forty years of age, nearly six feet tall, slight built, sandy beard and hair, face inclined to freckle, slow in speech, husky voice, of rather solemn mien, affects literature, especially sentimental poetry which he

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is apt to quote in conversation, lacks in education, is a native of the eastern shore of Maryland but betrays no provincial accent or use of language in his speech, is cosmopolitan in his manners, is apt to grumble at table, and in fact is the champion growler.

After this description was run in the *Arizona Miner,* Deputy U. S. Marshal Parker and a fellow named John Behan took up the chase.

By then, however, Giles and McCool had changed their names to "Judge James" and "Mr. Wilson." In a place called St. Thomas, Nevada they told the populace they were hurrying to Northern California to attend to mining interests. St. Thomas citizens were convinced they were dealing with men of great importance until the marshal and his assistant caught up with them. Then the humiliation began.

FROM the September 3, 1875 *Arizona Miner:* "When the officers arrived, took the precious pair in charge and revealed their true names and standing, was when the amusement began. Giles had had nothing to say, but McCool, who had drunk less and had more life in him, felt embarrassed and called upon to apologize for the sudden change in affairs. He assured the bystanders that he was entirely innocent; that he had been overtaken on the road by Mr. Giles who was tired of riding horseback, and had taken him into the buggy without the least suspicion of anything wrong; in fact, it was a part of his nature to be accommodating, and he hoped the people of St. Thomas would not censure him for being found in such company, but that they would understand that it was purely accidental, etc."

The *Miner* claimed that Meehan, alias McCool alias Mr. Wilson, nearly "went on his knees" to citizens of St. Thomas in begging their pardon for his "awkward position." And apparently Meehan talked a pretty good line because the marshal took away a silent James Giles while Meehan stayed on in St. Thomas.

Giles had nothing to stand on. He pleaded guilty to charges of embezzling order funds and postage money. Giles' only hope was to plea for leniency, which he did with great sincerity. He told the court that "by entering this place I disgrace the name and memory of a father who thirty-eight years ago today was laid in an honorable grave. . . . I break the heart of that now aged mother, . . . wither the hearts of three loving sisters and cause their pure cheeks to blush at the future mention of their brother's name."

The plea before the court was a lengthy one in which Giles expressed the belief that the mere punishment of standing in court was humiliation enough. "I am glad that I do keenly feel the deep disgrace of the position in which I stand, that my heart is not so callous as to render me insensible of the shame that the position brings upon me."

Later in the speech, Giles explained his reason for the theft. "At the time of my last remittance, I discovered that I was short of funds, but thought there might be some error in my footings and when my weekly statements were audited all would be right. I had not played off the money as some assert. I was even then, from an inordinate use of liquor, unfit to attend to the clerical work of the office. At length, finding myself already in the breakers I plunged deeper in and suddenly found myself at sea without rudder, compass, chart or pilot, and in an insane fit of intoxication, madness and despair I abandoned my post." Giles ended with a plea for mercy, asking the judge to remember "that we are all frail."

Judge Tweed sentenced Giles to two years in prison and assessed a fine of $9,790.86.

One could reasonably assume that this was the end of Giles' days in public office, but it wasn't. A little more than a year later, after being pardoned by President Hayes and released from the Yavapai County jail, Giles was appointed undersheriff by Sheriff Edward Bowers—a post he held until his sudden death the following year.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 39)

any of the above listed names. Maybe I will recognize the writer's name.

I am also interested in locating the descendants of Otto Doll Steele who married a woman in Missouri, had two children by her and vanished back to Iowa where he had come from.—Jack Childers, POB 514-78815, Granite, Oklahoma 73547

Thomas Merchant Ross

Our family is desperately seeking the whereabouts of Thomas Merchant Ross, age sixty-five, formerly of Quinlan, Texas. He is the son of Thomas Walton Ross and Leona Peacock Ross, both deceased, 1926 and 1923 respectively. Merchant is the brother of Joe Ferguson Ross (deceased 1971), Alice Matilda Ross, Allen Ruyle Ross and J. F. Ross.

Merchant Ross left home in Quinlan, Texas in 1926 and hasn't been seen or heard from since. The remainder of family was raised at Buckner's Orphan Home in Dallas. Anyone with any information, no matter how minute, please contact me.—J. F. Ross, 3611 Shoreline Drive. Irving, Texas 75061

Tanquary

I would like to hear from anyone with knowledge of the Tanquary surname. All letters will be answered.—Patrick G. Tanquary, 615 Commercial St., Danville, Illinois 61832

Southard-Williams-Wayne Bennett-Vinson-Glover

My grandfather, Franklin Pierce Southard, was born in the early 1850s and died about 1897 or 1898. His father was Reuben Southard; dates and his mother's name are unknown. His father-in-law, William A. (Uncle Bill) Williams, was born in 1825 and died in 1921. He

(Continued on page 64)

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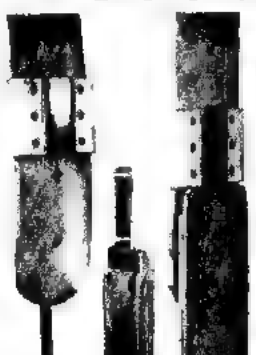

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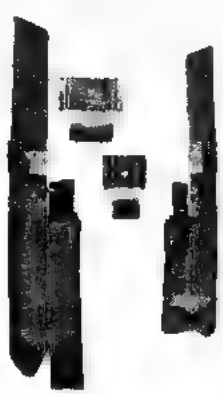

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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HORSES!

Heart Full of Horses (Naylor Co., $8.75) is a collection of over twenty horse stories written by Florence Fenley and compiled by Belle Fenley Edwards after Florence died. Daughter of Jim Fenley, a Uvalde, Texas rancher, Florence rode the range as a girl and learned the subtle values of good horseflesh. Her work as a former Texas state representative and active member of the Daughters of Texas Trail Drivers Association brought her into close contact with ranchers and their families in Southwest Texas. We met her many times as she searched for stories about Texas trail drivers, rangers, badmen, and progressive men and women of the cattle and sheep country. As a newspaper columnist and ranch magazine writer, she worked her area for its best ranching history. An obvious horse lover, she wrote much about them and most of the stories in this book were formerly published in *The Cattleman* at Fort Worth by the capable editor, Henry Biederman. We found all of them interesting and give special mention to Don (The Horse that Took Billy the Kid to Safety on a Hundred Mile Ride); Comanche (A Mankiller That Wouldn't Harm a Child); Quatralgo (A Texas Ranger's Stocking-footed Horse); The All-Night Bareback Ride out of Mexico on a Outlaw Roan Stallion; and Cova (A No-Nonsense Stallion). Recommended for folklorists and horse lovers.

NEW MEXICO BASICS

New Mexico Historic Documents (University of New Mexico Press, $7.50 cloth and $3.95 paper) edited by Richard N. Ellis will provide collectors of Southwesterna and students of The Land of Enchantment with famous treaties and laws on which the state's legal structure now rests. The book is composed of twenty of these legal documents which include The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, Gadsen Purchase and New Mexico's original constitution plus amendments and additions. Several are in both English and Spanish and the Navajo Treaty is in both the English and Navajo language. The book is well worth the money for people interested in the subject.

INDIAN POEMS

Chief Dan George has gone to print with a series of philosophical poems about earthy living in his book *My Heart Soars* (Handcock House Publishers, LTD, $9.95). No soupy pretty poetry, *My Heart Soars* has the practical facts for solid everyday living that we find in the works of Moses and Mohammed. Most of us became acquainted with George through his two films—*How to Break a Quarter Horse* (Walt Disney) and *Little Big Man* with Dustin Hoffman. A member of the Co-Salish Indian tribe in northern British Columbia, the Chief has been a Canadian actor, radio and television performer for many years, and still resides near his place of birth. The book is generously illustrated with excellent black and white drawings by artist Helmut Hirnschall.

SOUTH OR WEST?

The Southwest: South or West? (The Texas A&M University Press, $4.00) by Frank E. Vandiver is a well-written essay expressing the author's viewpoints on the mutations that have created the present Southwesterners since the Civil War. This regional class is basically Southern in origin and has progressed through cotton plantations, cattle, and oil cultures in Vandiver's Southwest which he claims stretches from the Brazos to the Sierras. Westward where the rain was too thin for cotton, cattle became the main source of income and ranch headquarters crudely resembled old plantation homes and outbuildings. Here the cowboy became the American folk hero and has caught the fancy of present-day cowboys, novelists, song writers, as well as movie and TV impresarios and audiences over the globe. Since 1901, when Spindletop blew in, the gas and oil business has opened a new frontier of locating, developing and distributing petroleum products which revolutionized the area's lighting, heating and power facilities. The author says: "Southwesterners see the future as a frontier; they are essentially tomorrow's folk." However, he failed to say that traces of Yankee traditions and culture have been seeping in since the placement of huge military bases and development of heavy oil industrialization in the Southwest since World War II. Mutants resulting from the fluxing of outside cultural influences may become a part of the changing frontier. Recommended.

CALIFORNIA!

Californians and other Gold Coast buffs should be mighty pleased with *Historical Atlas of California* (University of Oklahoma Press, $9.95) By Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Haase. The spectacular variety of the state's land forms, climate, soil, native vegetation and drainage systems have profoundly influenced the life patterns of the Indians, Spaniards, Mexicans and Anglo-Saxons who lived there. A historian and cartographer have combined talents to produce a unique and useful atlas and text about important events in the Golden State's history. The narratives and accompanying maps present 101 episodes of California's eventful past. The maps and text cover all of the physical features of the state and also present considerable detail on all phases of history from the native Indian tribes to the present. A few examples of the topics mapped and described are: Spanish explorations, the U. S. occupation, irrigation developments, the gold rush, Pony Express, Overland Mail, the Santa Barbara oil spill, CCC camps, St. Francis Dam disaster, earthquakes and fire. Two features given the most apace were the Mexican land grants and the large sheep and cattle ranches. These and many other topics are prepared in easy to read style suitable for both grade school and adult readers. Much of the information in *Historical Atlas of California* has not been available to most California readers. It should become a standard reference in libraries in grade schools, cities and colleges.

CHEYENNE CLASSIC

Happy Hunting Grounds (reprinted by the University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) was Stanley Vestal's third book which he wrote for the juvenile trade. However, the story also became a favorite of mature readers. Reared in the southern Cheyenne Indian country, Vestal learned the tribe's background from William Bent's half-blood son, George, and also from descendants of Roman Nose and many other Cheyenne chiefs and leaders. While the story carries an exciting theme of revenge and Indian warfare, we were also delighted with the author's ability to describe the hunting life, courtship and marriage customs, child care, manner of dress, treatment of horses and warfare ceremonies practiced by this tribe. These details are threaded throughout the chilling story of Chief Whirlwind's strategy in killing a crooked Mandan who fomented a war between the Cheyennes and a friendly group of Sioux, and stole the Cheyenne chief's favorite young wife and killed her son. Formerly English department head at the University of Oklahoma, Vestal demonstrates his craftsmanship as an excellent writer of Indian history and other regional topics familiar to him.

GOOD GUIDES!

Treasure Hunter's Guide (Arco Publishing Co., $5.95) by Robert I. Nesmith and John S. Potter is a reissue of the book first published in 1968. Pirate plunder, ancient ruins and artifacts, ghost towns and lost mines, robbers' and miners' gold, shipwreck salvage, beachcombing, gold panning, underwater gold dredging, sunken galleons, and cave ex-

(Continued on page 64)

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Dad Fairbanks, Desert Man

(Continued from page 12)

hired Panamint Tom, a well-known Death Valley Indian, to go in with me. Tom and I spent several weeks in the Valley together, and I learned from him most of what he'd learned, as well as a lot of information that had been dug out through generations of Tom's ancestors. We camped for some days with Hungry Bill, Panamint Tom's brother, and it was at this time that Tom and Bill told me how they had looked on while the Jayhawker party perished, giving Death Valley its name. Tom also seemed to know quite a bit about the robbery of the Jayhawker wagons. He admitted to me that he had killed three 'hikos' (white men) at various times, but justified the killings from the Indian point of view.

"While I was in the Valley with Panamint Tom and Hungry Bill, we lived pretty well. Those Indians knew every drop of drinkable water there was, and when they needed meat it was no more trouble for them to get a bighorn sheep than it is for the average hiko to kill a packrat. When they needed meat all they had to do was hide out by a waterhole and drop the first curl-horn that came down to drink. We had fresh meat all the time.

"Hungry Bill certainly lived up to his name," Dad continued. "He was a huge Indian, about six feet four inches tall, and he never seemed to get enough to eat. I've seen that galoot load away five or six pounds of curl-horn mutton at a single sitting, and then top it off with half a dozen hardtacks and beans enough for four ordinary men.

"Like a lot of other Indians, he was dangerous when he got full of whiskey. Hungry Bill spoke good Spanish, and several Indian tongues besides his own, but he never did know much English. I got along all right with both Panamint Tom and Hungry Bill, but they were two Indians I never did trust any farther than I could throw a bull by the tail."

BY THE TIME Dad returned to Utah the Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad had started advertising for contractors, so he and his sons went to work. Using over one hundred head of mules and thirty muleskinners, Dad contracted to build the road bed from Milford, Utah to Las Vegas, Nevada. The job ended in Las Vegas in July 1904.

The boys, who had acquired wives and families of their own, left for Utah while Dad stayed at the camp on Vegas Creek with the mules and construction equipment. He had been dickering with Borax Smith to work on the proposed Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad which Smith planned to build north from Las Vegas to Tonopah. However, the battle of wits between Senator William Clark and Smith was to ruin those plans.

A town was building up around the new depot and freight yards in Las Vegas. There was a tent hotel, a store, several saloons and gambling establishments, and there was a need for a livery stable. So Dad rented some ground on the main street where he sold hay and grain, as well as renting tents, wagons and saddle horses.

He had spare time for prospecting, and he said later, "I jackassed it over the country for hundreds of miles, but never seemed to have quite the same luck at finding pay dirt as some others did. I made a few fairly lucky strikes, and made a little money out of some of 'em, but I never did really hit it rich until later."

On one of his trips from Las Vegas to the boomtown of Rhyolite he purchased a ranch at Ash Meadows, one of the few places on the route where water and grazing was available. With the help of sons Lester and Vern, Dad moved from Las Vegas to "Fairbanks Springs," to open a general store, livery stable and freight yard. They sold everything from bacon and beans to miner's picks and gold pans, flour, jackhammers and whiskey. The entire business and living quarters were housed in tents set under some mesquite trees surrounding the big spring.

Once the camp was established, Dad sent for the rest of the family. Celestia and their three daughters traveled in the comfort of a Pullman car to Las Vegas where they stayed overnight in the tent hotel, then rode a work train of the LV&T to Amargosa Siding. Dad met them there with a wagon to haul the household furnishings across the five miles of desert to Fairbanks Springs.

Thus the family was reunited and a new way of life began for Celestia and the girls—for Dad Fairbanks too, actually, since that year marked the end of his career as a freighter and saw the rise of his mercantile enterprise.

Fairbanks Springs was a busy, exciting place. Some days as many as fifty wagons would go through, hauling ore from the mines to the railroad and supplies back to the camps. A Chinese cook ran the boarding house where all meals were served family style at long board tables. The womenfolk of the family worked at all kinds of jobs, but were seldom allowed in the store where whiskey was sold by the bottle, jug or keg; and the saloon was completely taboo.

One afternoon "Diamond Tooth Lil" and her troupe of girls stopped over en route to Rhyolite, and Dad wouldn't even let his wife and daughters help serve dinner that night. Later, when Lil and her girls entertained the boys in the saloon with songs and dances, they could only hear what was going on through the thin walls of the tent.

One corner of the saloon was roped off and tables there were reserved for poker players. Stakes were high and games often ran non-stop for three or four days. Dad's reputation as a gambler soared to new heights and it was not unusual for him to bet fifteen or twenty thousand dollars on the turn of a card. He always wore a gun but never shot anyone or was ever shot himself.

"I used my gun a good many times to settle rows," he said, "but only as a persuader for the fellow who couldn't understand any other kind of an argument. More often than not, if shooting started the shooter would find himself

(Continued on page 52)

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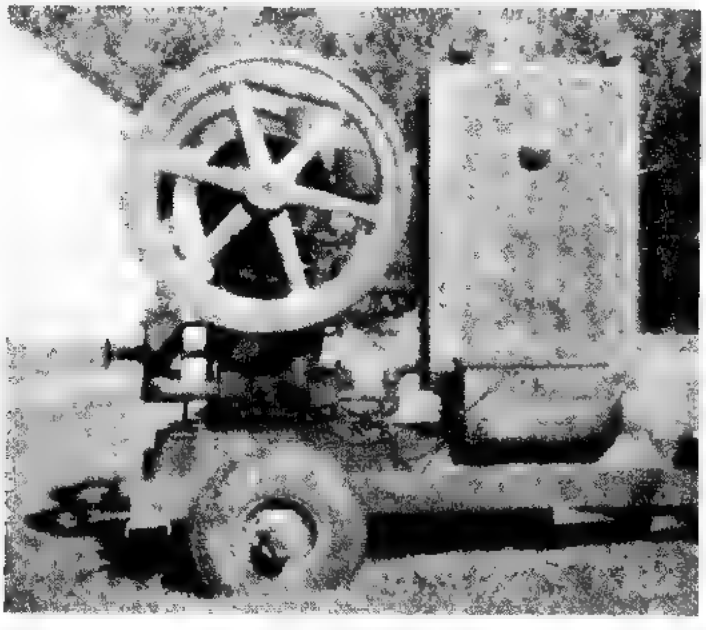
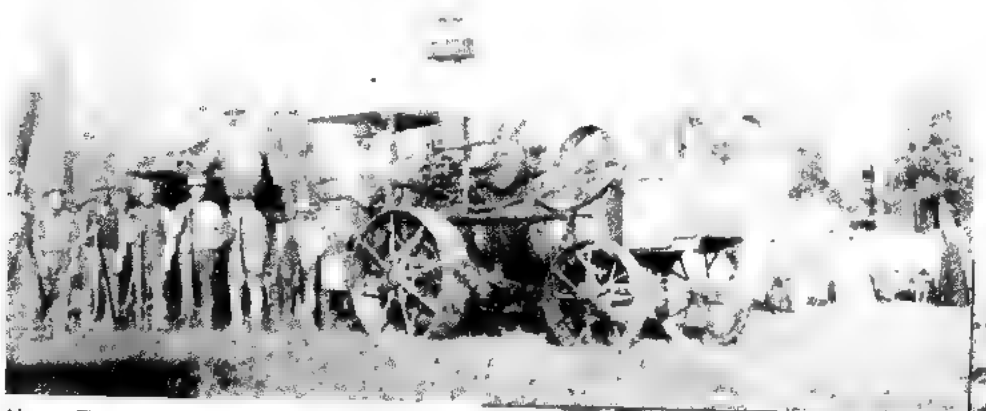
Palmer H. Mathistad and his Great Bellows at the forge. It is a huge 3' x 5' two-chambered bellows which, by design, gives a continuous draft to the forge. Constructed from the top boards and a pattern from an old bellows that had been unused for seventy years. It had been made with hand-made nails, which indicates it could be 150 years old. This duplicate used the hides of three deer and is very tight.

a rare pair



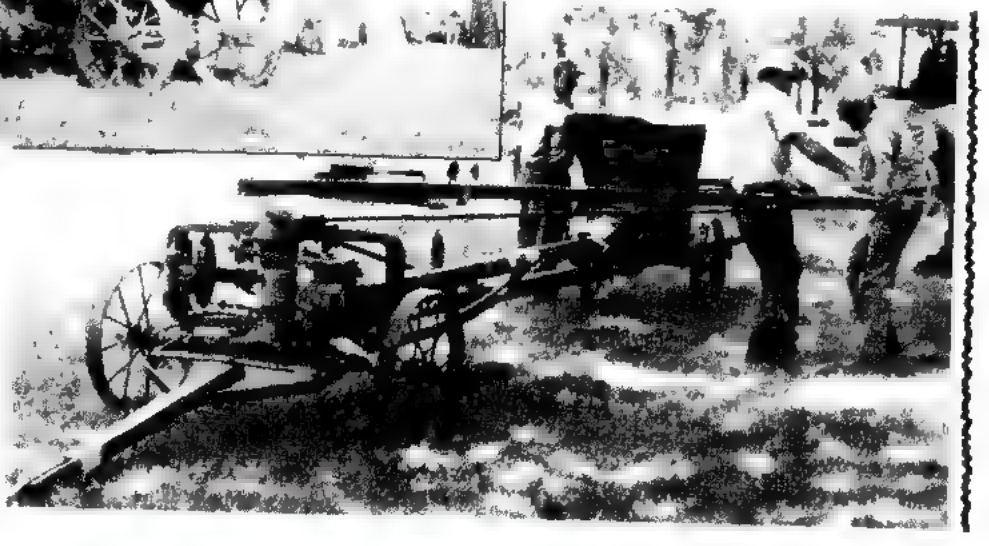
Two of the rarest engines at the show. Right: Ole Lundberg's 6 HP Lightning Engine, manufactured by the Kansas City Hay Press Co. about 1900. It is a single cylinder 4 cycle engine of opposed piston type. The engine has one long cylinder barrel with two pistons working in this barrel, with the piston heads coming nearly together in the middle. It can pull or idle at comparatively low R.P.M.s, and is efficient because small heat loss requires less water cooling. Left: Ed Streich's inverted Hart-Parr gas engine was the first gas engine in Salem township. Bought new by John F. Stark from the Darfur Elevator in 1905 for $405, this unique 7 HP engine will run on gas, kerosene or alcohol. It has the original oil it had when new. It is oil cooled and the cylinder points down with the fly wheels on top.

Above: Vernon Iverson's 1906 International, the oldest tractor at the show.



Above: Threshing rig of Henry Kroeker's father in 1897. The people are not identified.

Below: Made by the Maytag Company, this ancient baler was found by Vernon Iverson near Storden and restored by Wayne Hanson and A. I. Clipperton. It was in use until about 1940. On a long day, with a good team of horses, one hundred bales could be made.



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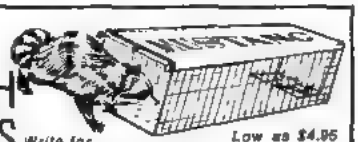

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Dad Fairbanks, Desert Man

(Continued from page 49)

disarmed and at the bottom of a free-for-all pig pile."

The completion of the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad along the eastern edge of Death Valley brought a halt to wagon freighting. Business at Fairbanks Springs came to a standstill. Greenwater, just over the state line into California, was a booming copper camp so Dad moved his operation there.

ALTHOUGH the T & T planned a spur line to Greenwater, it never materialized and Dad's boys once again put their freight teams to work hauling supplies from Death Valley Junction to Greenwater. One of their most lucrative sidelines was hauling water to the dry camp, which they sold for fifty cents to a dollar a gallon.

Greenwater was a short-lived town, and by 1910 the various members of the Fairbanks clan were the only residents. While Dad was contemplating his next move, Mother tried to persuade him to return to their farm in Utah. He was on the verge of giving in when a new opportunity presented itself. Then all thoughts of becoming a farmer were abandoned.

There were rumors of a mining strike near Shoshone, a whistle-stop on the T & T, and Dad found that he could lease a section of land around the big spring from the railroad. Dad Fairbanks and his sons moved several houses across thirty-five miles of desert from Greenwater to Shoshone where they set up business again.

When the new mining boom proved to by a myth, Mother and Dad started a boarding house where they fed train crews and passengers from the daily T & T trains. The store building was moved from Greenwater and when the stock was replenished, the family was ready for business. During the years, automobiles and trucks had taken the place of freight teams and stagecoaches; now instead of hay and grain they sold gasoline, oil, tires and other auto supplies. For several years Dad serviced cars from five-gallon cans of gasoline which had been shipped in on the railroad.

Shoshone became a uniquely comfortable place, and it has remained that way to the present time. There was water and shade, with plenty of space to pitch a tent under the huge mesquite trees. In addition to selling mining machinery, dynamite, clothing and household goods, Dad had a post office in one corner of the general store, so Shoshone became a supply center and the permanent address of prospectors and mining men ranging out in all directions.

Although there was no saloon or barroom in Shoshone, there was a place which would be the equivalent of a modern-day recreation hall. It was called the Snake Room. In one corner of it was a huge pot-bellied stove with a collection of homemade chairs surrounding it. In the middle of the room stood the poker table, and most all of the action in town was centered there. Since there was no bar in the Snake Room, if anyone wanted a drink he went to the store and bought a bottle or jug, then passed it around. There were no rules of conduct, but women and children were banned at all times.

Mother only broke the rule once, and that story has become a desert legend. It happened when a poker game had been in progress for three days and nights, with Dad and four of his sons among the players. Business at the store had come to a standstill, but Mother and her daughters-in-law kept the boarding house going.

The morning after the third night of play Mother decided the game had gone on long enough, and she did the unprecedented thing of walking boldly into the Snake Room. Play stopped instantly and all of the men turned to look at her. Taking advantage of that moment, she stepped up to the table, at the same time gathering up the hem of her apron to form a basket. With her free hand she swept all of the money and chips on the table into her apron. The men gaped in astonishment as she marched out of the smoky room, her small body rigid with indignation.

Mother went along the path to the boarding house where the gamblers' wives were gathered. She dumped the money onto a table, then divided it evenly among all the women. When that was done she turned to face her husband and four sons who were watching grimly from the doorway. After a tense moment, Dad grinned and said, "Ma, that sure took a lot of guts!"

CELESTIA FAIRBANKS was a slightly built, soft-spoken woman whose husband and children occupied her entire life. She was a lifelong member of the Mormon Church, although the nearest congregation was several hundred miles from Death Valley. Usually she was the gentlest of women, but when something threatened her family she could take a stand in favor of righteousness.

One of those times occurred shortly after the family moved to Shoshone. It seems a whiskey salesman made an error on his order form and instead of sending the shipment in bottles, the whiskey arrived in a one-hundred gallon wooden barrel. Dad solved the problem of distribution by putting a spigot in the barrel and selling the whiskey by the cup. The whiskey proved to be of wonderful vintage and soon the miners were lining up with coffee cups to buy the marvelous stuff. As the menfolks enjoyed themselves more and more that day, Mother became angrier and angrier.

Late that night, after the men had staggered away to sleep off the effects of the booze, Mother turned on the spigot full force. The next morning the men rushed to the store with their coffee cups but the barrel was empty. The ground around it was soaked with good Irish whiskey, and Mother watched calmly as she cooked breakfast in the boarding house. Later that day Dad glumly cut the barrel in half to use as feeding troughs for the pigs.

DAD FAIRBANKS had been involved in many mining deals, but he was sixty years old before he made the strike

he'd been "jackassing for thirty-five years trying to locate." And then it wasn't gold he found nor did he have to go far to find it.

"Strange as it may seen," he said, "I was browsing around out back of Shoshone one day and went into the Indian camp. There I found an Indian woman, Panamint Tom's squaw, washing her hair. She was doing it in an old gold pan full of something that looked like a mixture of mud and water and was about the thickness of buttermilk. I watched her, and when she'd finished the job her hair was soft and clean and glossy. I asked where she got the stuff and she pointed out a certain hill. I immediately went to the hill, found a veritable mountain of valuable filtering clay, and staked out my claim on it.

"When I first started prospecting, this claim wouldn't have been worth a thin dime. But the change from oats to gasoline had made a big difference. I knew that this clay was extensively used in refining petroleum and that, up to the time of my finding the deposit, the entire supply used in this country had been imported."

Dad sold his claim to the Shell Oil Company for what he called "a tidy fortune," and one that was to finance his next business venture. By the year 1920 the business at Shoshone had grown to a thriving enterprise, and the world had begun to discover Death Valley.

The Pacific Coast Borax Company had plans to build Furnace Creek Inn and another large hotel at Death Valley Junction. Roads were improved and automobiles had become commonplace. Even an airplane was landing in the meadow now and then.

Dad gave up his saddle horse about that time and invested in a Model-T Ford, but attempted to drive it only once. He got it started but couldn't stop, and ended up by smashing into a mesquite tree. From then on, his twelve-year-old daughter, Vonola, drove him wherever he needed to go.

It was in 1920 that Dad's daughter Stella and her husband, Charlie Brown, returned to Shoshone to become partners in the business. Together they built a new dining room and some new cottages for tourists. A modern gas station was installed, with a garage and other facilities for travelers.

With Charlie to look after the store, Dad spent more time prospecting and hauling thirsty men out of Death Valley. Also while he was jackassing around, as he called it, Dad began to hear rumors of a new road—not a railroad this time, but a highway for automobiles and trucks. The thoroughfare would stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans—it would be called "The Arrowhead Trail."

In 1926, at the age of seventy, Dad Fairbanks once more started out on a pioneering venture—to build a town on one of the most desolate spots on the desert. He bought 160 acres where the new highway crossed the old road into Death Valley, a spot known as Baker, California. The only other residents were the section crews of the T & T Railroad. And once again Dad enlisted the help of his sons who, with the help of a dozen or so grandchildren, made up his work force.

During the first blistering hot summer they built one large building for a general store, cafe and service station, then moved several old buildings from a mining camp for living quarters for the family. Other old lumber was reconstructed into a dozen cottages with a larger cabin equipped as a "community kitchen" for travelers. Dad was the architect, construction boss and financier. The layout was crude by modern standards, but for its day was a smooth, workable operation.

Business was fantastically good at Baker. The service station was kept open twenty-four hours a day, with every member of the family working as gas boys, waitresses, mechanics, chambermaids, and store clerks. The one job Dad reserved for a professional was that of cook; that position was held by an excellent chef.

However, the business had scarcely been built when Dad received news that the highway was to be relocated, leaving his place about a half-mile off the road. It was a stunning blow, but when the new route was surveyed, Dad discovered that he owned a quarter-mile of frontage on the new highway. So, in the summer of 1929, working in 110 to 120 degree temperatures, Dad and the boys set out to move all their buildings to the new location. Within six months the job was done and they were in business again. The next year the highway was blacktopped and traffic increased even more.

During the first years in Baker, Celestia's health began to fail, but she was no complainer. Dad finally took her to a doctor in Santa Paula, California, where daughter Vonola lived, and she was too ill to return to Baker with him. They were apart on their sixtieth wedding anniversary, but this was nothing unusual except in one respect. All through their years together *he* had been on the go, but when he came home *she* had always been there.

Dad was eighty years old and scoffed at the idea of retirement, but he did admit that the little house in Baker seemed mighty empty without Mother. So the business was taken over by one of the grandsons, and I (daughter Betty) took charge of the motel. Dad moved to Santa Paula with Mother, returning to Baker only occasionally when the weather was cool.

The next years were rewarding ones for Ralph and Celestia Fairbanks. She had become blind and it was perhaps the first time in their lives that there was nothing else to do but talk. They reminisced, argued sometimes, discussed their lives and the lives of their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They had been married sixty-four years when Celestia died quietly in her sleep.

Dad passed away the next year at the age of eighty-six. His funeral was held in Hollywood, far away from his desert haunts, but the chapel was jammed with men and women from all walks of life—from the richest to the poorest. The funeral oration was given by one of his

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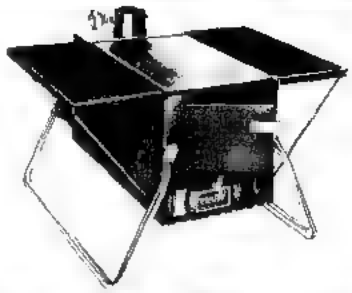

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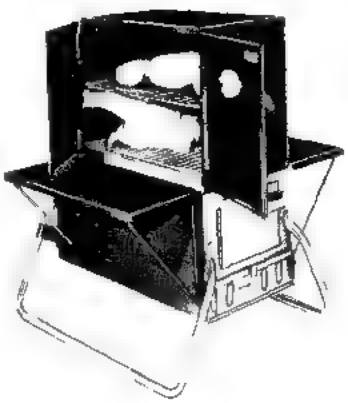

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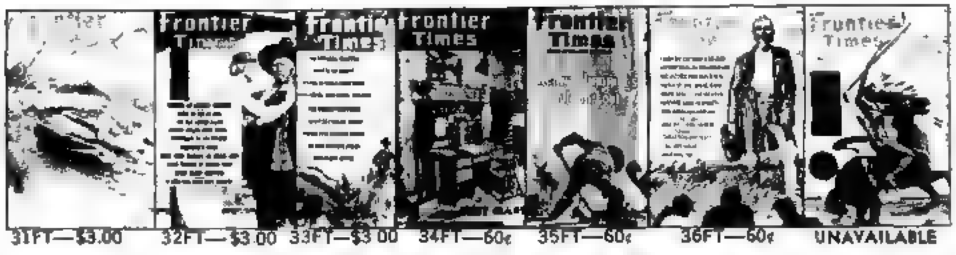

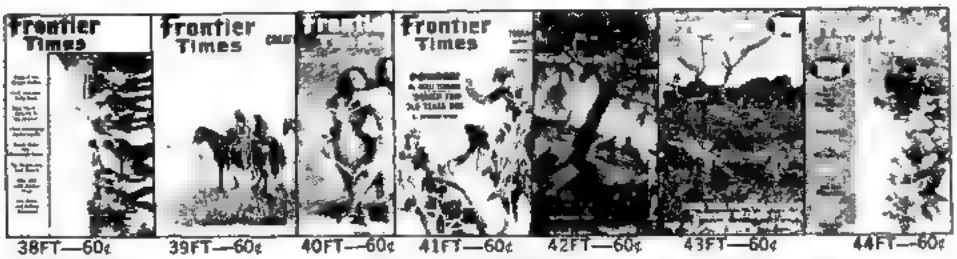

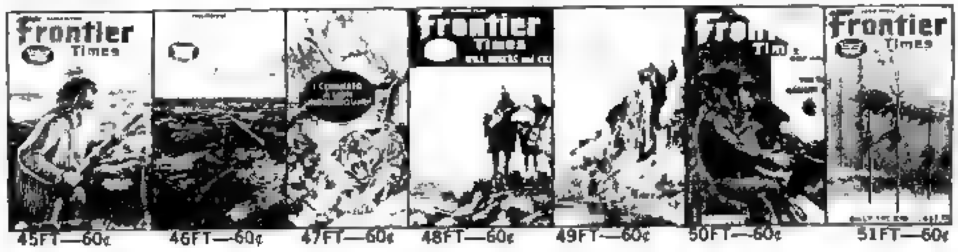

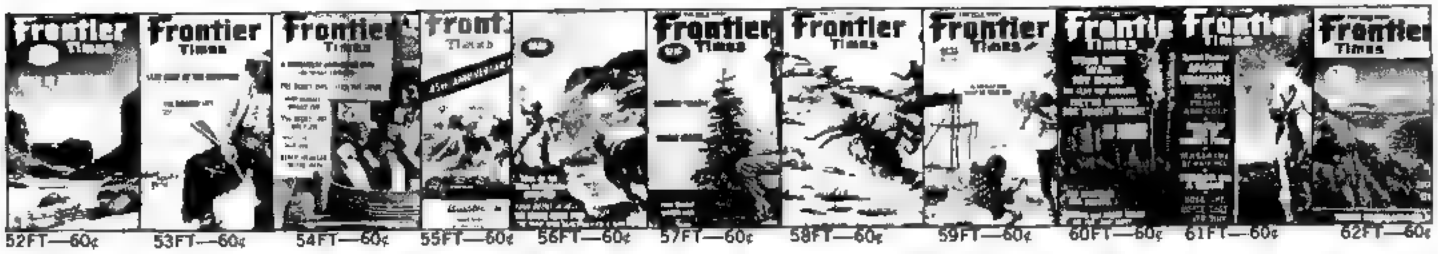

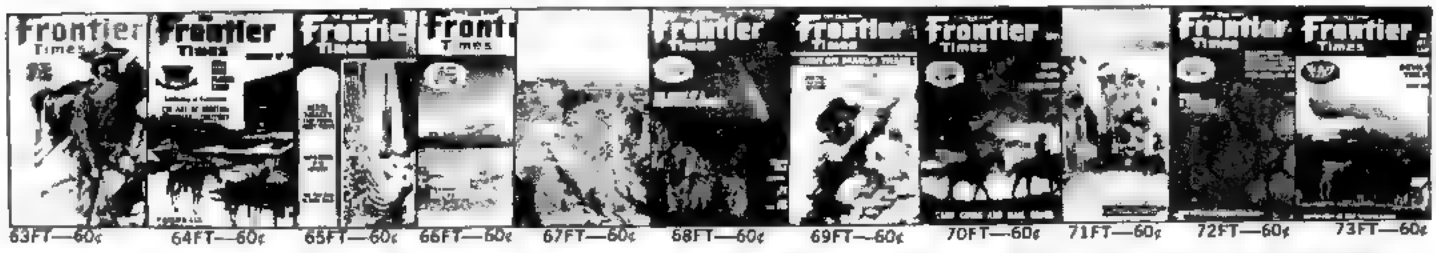

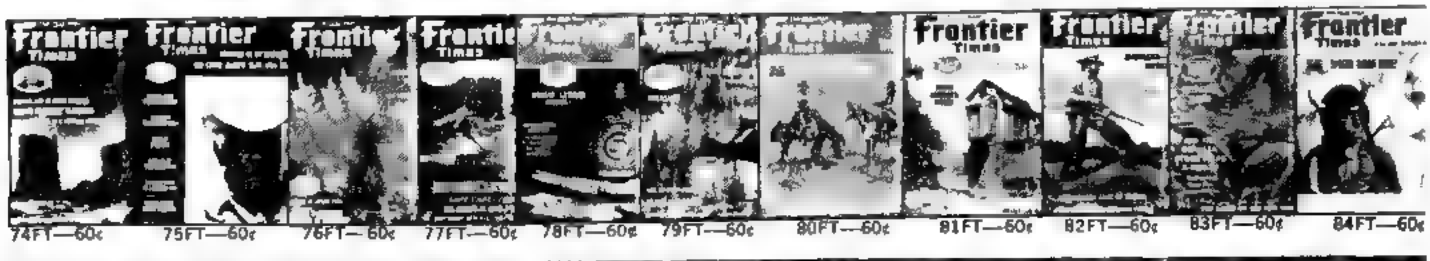

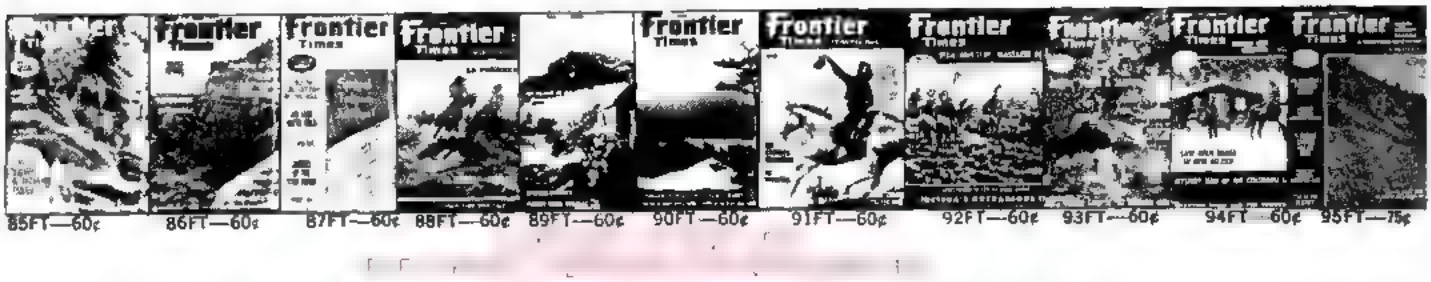

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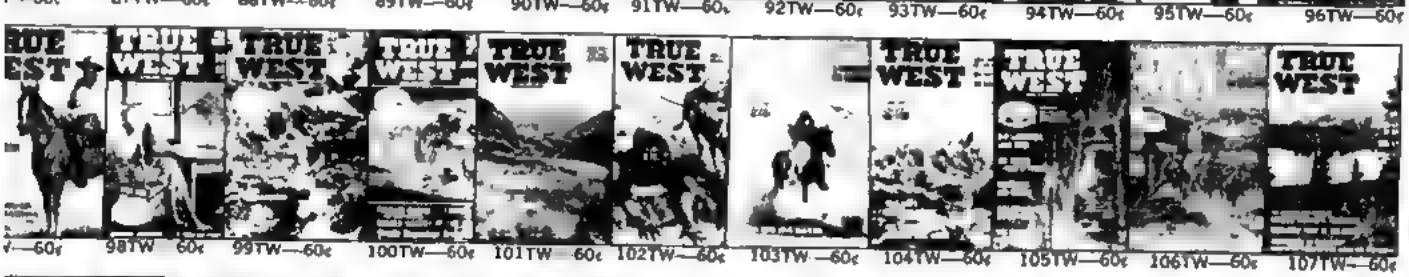

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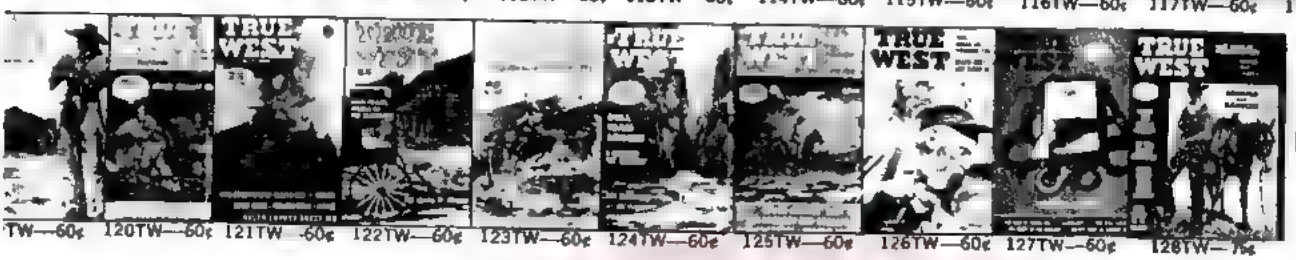

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boyhood friends, a grandson of Brigham Young.

The great family founded by Ralph Jacobus and Celestia Fairbanks has continued to grow, as well as the business empire he started literally "by the sweat of his brow." No one can deny they left a permanent living legacy in the desert.

"Escorting" Sheep

(Continued from page 27)

landowner and purchaser of sheep. He bought from smaller growers in bunches of 200 or 300 up to 1000 or more, and ran them on his holdings during the winter months, driving them off to the Sierra Nevada Mountains for the summer, unless he disposed of them by sale or otherwise.

We went up by rail along the west bank of the Sacramento River to Willows, the terminal of a small road, then by team out to the sheep range some eighteen miles. We looked over the sheep which were in two bands, and concluded the deal.

Jones went back to Woodland and Sacramento, where he made final payment. Reece and I stayed with the sheep, each taking a band. They numbered about 3,000. They were of mixed brands, and presumably unbred, as we wanted to start back to Montana early the following spring. Neither of us had ever herded a day in our life.

EACH of us had approximately 1,500—a small band for Montana ranges but pretty big down there where the range was practically all eaten off. There was no such thing as real range grass as we knew it in Montana.

I had been rider for a cow outfit for two years, compelled to ride any horse brought up, broke or unbroke, so I was actually bowlegged. The first few days running after those hungry sheep was surely some experience, but I was game. I could go to sleep in two minutes after hitting the blankets, and had an appetite like a two-year-old steer.

My great worry was to find feed for the sheep. We scoured the bottoms and foothills wherever we could see anything green or that looked like grass. The wheat growers had the real say in legislative matters, and had passed at that time a "no fence" law. All roads were sixty feet wide, and an owner of stock was liable for damage to grain or grass beyond that limit.

Being strangers, we found plenty of people to advise us about "lines." We could not buy a dog except at a price about three times what anyone else had to pay; and everything else was in proportion. But we thrived. Our legs straightened up and we got in good shape for the long drive. Sometimes a heavy fog would bother us for a while; occasionally we fell asleep in the shade of a tree on a hot day.

WHILE thus enjoying ourselves we sometimes found that our sheep had taken the opportunity to sample someone's grain. The only thing we could do was to move as quickly as possible, and trust to a timely shower to so moister

the porous red soil which easily dissolved, so as to obliterate the tracks and save us from being penalized heavily and at once. Fortunately we always escaped, as the natives were generally taking a siesta themselves and showers were frequent.

We were just getting well used to things and starting to think about heading north, when two bunches of ewes began to lamb, and we shortly had an extra thousand head to handle. This event retarded our return to Montana somewhat. We could not sell the ewes and young lambs advantageously, so had to let the lambs attain some size before starting.

Jones bought a fine span of Oregon mares weighing about 1,600 pounds each, plus a stout Peter Schuttler wagon, harness, saddle horse, and so on. He made for the back end of the wagon a large and commodious cupboard with small compartments of different size for flour, sugar, a sourdough can, plates, cups, and so on. When bows and canvas were fitted on, we were in fine snug shape. We had a small "A" tent, plenty of bedding and so on—all good equipment throughout. By that time we had secured three dogs.

We left from Stony Creek on May 5, 1881; there was scarcely any feed for thirty-seven miles to Red Bluff, where we crossed the Sacramento River on a long bridge. Much of the way to that point we had to cross fresh plowed ground, but absolutely barren of feed because other ground was in growing wheat with no fences whatever. By the time we reached the foothills on the east side of Sacramento River, our sheep were nearly starving. We had more room however, to spread out in, and they soon filled up reasonably well.

The trip over the mountains was a hard one. The timber was heavy and very tall; light was late coming [and faded] early in the day. Chaparral and manzanita brush in the heavy timber made progress very slow. There was little feed, and the sheep simply had to rustle in the brush or starve, so they worked the brush thoroughly, to our annoyance and discomfort. We were soon in rags.

Had a two-days' snowstorm on the summit, right under Lassen's Peak, which dealt us a lot of misery. We also lost a ot of sheep which strayed away, and we lid not miss them for two days. It was ıot until the fifth day that we found ınough grass to camp while we went ɔack for the strays. By then we had five nen. Two of us went back on the search, vhile three stayed with the sheep. It was ınderstood that the camp would have to nove before we two hunters of strays ould get back, as we would probably ıave to be gone a week.

In fact, we found 300 head, and reached amp with these on the eighth day. The ast three of those days we had nothing o eat. We ran out of provisions, being orseback, and found no camps to supply .s. After reuniting with the main band, vhich had moved twice, we soon got into ıore open country where feed was better. Vhite Horse Desert, in a corner of levada, was a hard stretch of forty ıiles without water, in July. We made it without loss, but it was mighty trying to our stock and to ourselves.

Of course, we had to cross streams without bridges, mountain ranges, and barren valleys. Before reaching Birch Creek in Idaho, we crossed a sagebrush stretch of fifty-five miles with no water for the sheep. When they did get water, we thought they would never stop till they burst. About six head gave out.

We crossed some areas of lava beds, volcanic glass; this was particularly hard on the animals' feet, and on our own. The life of a pair of shoes was not over four weeks, even with the soles studded with tacks.

ON ONE OCCASION when out looking for water, and we constantly had to go to the right or left of the main trail on that account, I saw three trees near what seemed to be the mouth of a gulch, this side of a ridge. Naturally I felt confident that those trees indicated the near presence of water. It was worth investigating. So I left the trail, bearing off to the left perhaps a couple of miles, and reached the mouth of the gulch from which point I could see some buildings. I hurried on, sure that I would get a drink of nice cool water, and perhaps enough for our thirsty flocks.

There was a fair-sized bunkhouse, a large kitchen and a dining room, but they were absolutely deserted. I hastened over to what was apparently a large storehouse close to a blacksmith shop. Not a soul was to be seen. I entered the mouth of a tunnel where there had evidently been a great deal of work done. Everything was deserted, and had been for a long time. Nor was there a trace of a drop of water. It seemed positively uncanny.

I had to go back to the band and we made dry camps that day and night. We passed on, and only reached a stream of water after another night. That was several miles from the abandoned mine, and it was not until another day that the mystery was explained. At the first cow ranch we reached, farther up the stream, we asked about the "ghost mine." They told us that some years before two early cow men had been caught and besieged in that gulch by Indians. They made a stand and a good fight behind a rock wall which they threw up hastily on the side hill and behind which they fought. So well they did do, that the Indians were somewhat off their guard that night, and they escaped in the darkness.

While resting during the attack, one of the men who had been a miner picked up a piece of very rich float ore, which he saved and took away with him. Later they came back and opened up a pocket of very rich ore. They ran a tunnel into the hill, put up the buildings I had seen, and employed as high as forty men. They thought possibly they would encounter water as they extended the tunnel, but did not. Every drop of water used had to be brought in carts from the stream several miles distant. The rich ore soon gave out and the mine was later abandoned.

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FROM Red Bluffs, California to Boise, Idaho we averaged a little less than six miles per day. From Boise to Bannack, Montana we made the 400 miles in 40 days. We reached Bannack on September 10. There we received our first mail—four months and five days from starting. Mr. Reece learned that his father had died during the previous July. My own father and mother had been East on a six-weeks' visit, and were to be back in Helena September 10, the day we first learned of their trip. President Garfield had been shot by assassin Guiteau, and had died.

On October 3, we reached a point just at the west entrance to the Mullan Tunnel on the Northern Pacific railroad. We camped while Reece and I went in to Helena, and Jones went over to Green-Horn Gulch to see his partner Evans. We all wanted to know as soon as possible what arrangements had yet to be made for wintering our several lots of sheep.

We all came back to camp on October 5. A threatening storm broke on us that night and we were snowed in for ten days. Snow got knee deep; the temperature went down to ten and twelve below zero. We suffered some; the sheep, more. But the grass was tall and fortunately plentiful. We lost only a very few. While waiting for a change in weather and traveling conditions, we built pole corrals for dividing the sheep. We divided them into three lots as soon as possible.

Mr. Reece sold his to ready buyers. Mr. Evans took his to the vicinity of Cascade in Cascade County. My own were the first to get away. I passed Helena, crossed the Missouri River at Edmonson's Ferry, crossed Smith River Valley, passed Martinsdale to Bercail, the P. I. Moule ranch on Careless Creek (then in Meagher, later Fergus, now Wheatland County). Mrs. Moule, a bride, gave the name "Bercail," meaning sheepfold, to their ranch.

We reached there November 6, 1881, six months and one day from Stony Creek, California. We arrived in a snowstorm, ten degrees below zero. The corrals were not ready, so we camped in a bend of the creek above the Moule house. We bought hay, and later fixed sheds for the sheep and for comfortable quarters. Aside from the night spent in Helena with our folks, we had spent every night of all that time out in the open. We had become inured to weather, robust, hardy, strong.

We claimed we could "run down" any sheep in the band, and made good on occasion. We could walk from daylight to dark, without a rest if need be, and did not count our steps by miles or hours. We had some discomforts, of course, that of thirst being really the worst of all. But we never lost a day off, and went right along with our work from beginning to end of the trip. (Written December 21, 1921)

Blizzard on Hog Eye Mesa

(Continued from page 41)

WE WENT up on the knoll and to my great delight sighted the herd. Each man went to his station before Begay started the herd. We concealed ourselves by the waterholes and waited for the horses to approach. As they neared a seep a man arose from the brush, turned them away, and the weary pursuer dropped into his place while the second man kept the animals moving toward the next hole. Day and night they followed those horses, making no attempt to hurry them, but staying close enough that if one stopped for a bite of grass he could throw a stone at it and keep it moving.

By the end of the fourth day those wild, free animals were a dejected, cowering bunch. On the fifth morning the Navajos closed in on them and, with this exhausted white man, eased them into the little canyon. There they were roped. The horses were so weary and so thirsty they offered little resistance.

The yellow stud I coveted bore a brand, a Navajo brand. The Indians had known that all the time, but insisted that I take him because he stole their mares.

My Navajo stallion had served me faithfully. Now if he would just take me home! But home, to him, was that

(Continued on page 60)

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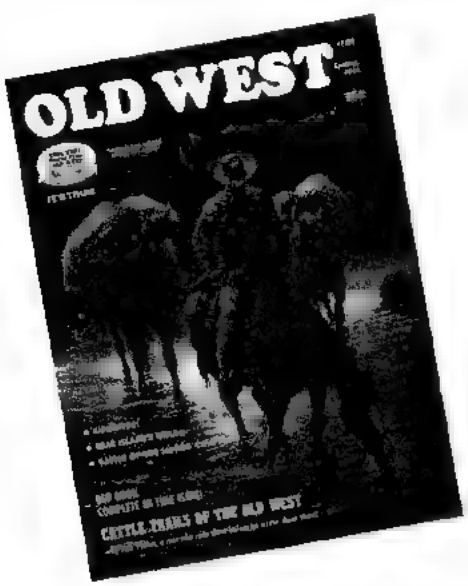

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From **Leslie's Weekly**
March 12, 1903
Courtesy Bill Seymour

Curious Record of Utah's Pioneers

IN 1897, when the people of Utah celebrated the semi-centennial anniversary of the settlement of the Salt Lake Valley, there was compiled one of the most remarkable records in existence, a record which tells in a peculiarly vivid way of the incidents and fearful hardships which those who first settled in the far West endured on their long and perilous journey across the plains.

The feature of this semi-centennial celebration was a great parade which moved through the streets of Salt Lake City, and which included, besides many elaborate floats, a number of the very wagons in which pioneers drove across the plains in 1847, and in some instances these wagons were guided in the parade by the same pioneers who had made that marvelous journey across the wilderness half a century before. The pioneers were the honored guests, as they should have been, on this gala occasion. At that time there were many still living who had been among the first comers in 1847.

It was desired to obtain a record of each of those pioneers in his or her handwriting. For that purpose blank sheets of paper were sent to each of them with spaces allotted for the name, former home, and age of the early settler, together with other facts of a personal nature; but at the bottom of each sheet was a space reserved under the heading, 'Remarks;" and in this the pioneers wrote whatever they chose. In these remarks are found some of the expressions which make the book so interesting, for all the pages when collected were bound into two great leather volumes trimmed with gold, silver, copper, and other native metals of Utah.

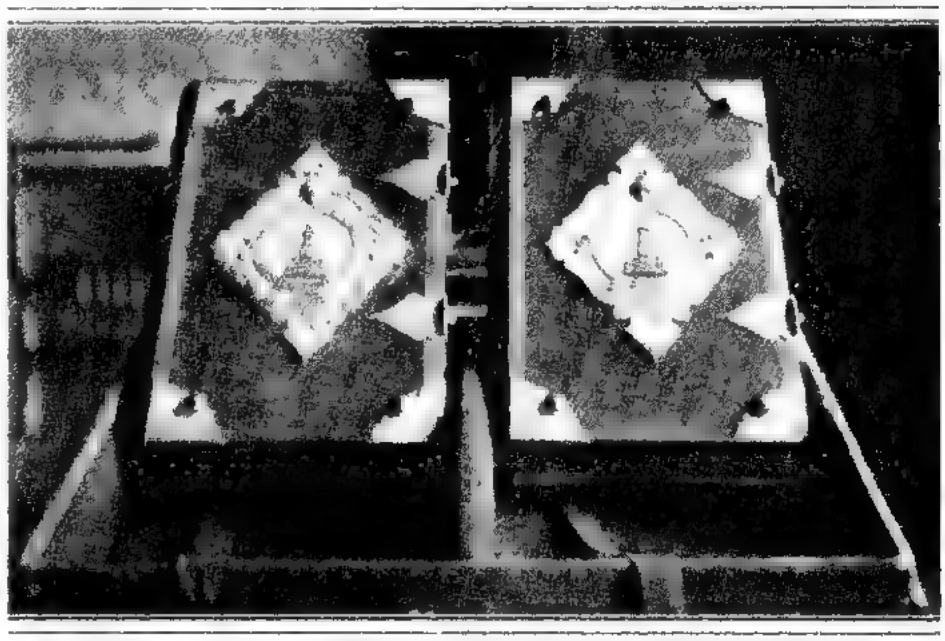
Women as well as men were among these pioneers whose names and records written by themselves will always be kept in the great book, which is guarded in the private office of the Governor at the State Capitol. Most of the writing is uneven, and the lines show that the old hands trembled when they held the pen.

Prominent among the early pioneers was Thomas H. Woodbury, and the "remark" which he made at the end of his age is eloquent in its brevity. He said simply: "A very hard journey."

His wife, Ann Canious Woodbury, wrote: "I drove an ox team about half the way. Waded streams and helped kill snakes."

John P. White, who was born in 1823 and reached the Salt Lake Valley in the very first party, wrote this at the age of seventy-four: "I helped to raise the United States flag on Encine [Ensign] peak. I feel to rejoice at having the privilege of seeing the flag raised that was spoken of by Isaiah, the prophet. Hoping to participate on the day of jubilee with comrades and friends."

Joseph Moenor's record is interesting because it shows the impressions which remained in his mind after fifty years; and the spelling, too, is odd. He wrote: cant rember mutch aboute the planes but i know that we Had a Hard time in Gittin' here too Salt Lake i cane rember how seeing Grate Hurds of Buffalow they Looked Like Grate Big seader trees on the Hills Glad too the valy lived on roots fr a long time Had know shoes fore three years and winter if i was young I would take Part in your ox tranes."



Leather volumes containing records of Utah pioneers. Photo by Luckey

Marthy Ann Mowery, seventy years old, wrote: "My Maiden name was Marthy Ann Sergent. I was in all the missionary movings in my youth. My mother died in consequence of the hardships. My father was in the Crooked River battle when David Patton was shot."

THE pioneers were expected to write what they considered interesting and important incidents of the early times. One man wrote that he had brought two sheep into the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, the first brought into the State. Mary Murdock recorded the fact that she was born on the plains *en route* to Utah. Ashton Nebeker wrote: "I had my thy badly broken. Was set by Luke Johnson."

Among the most significant of all, showing the extreme hardship and poverty of the first pioneers, is the record of Harriet Sergent Rich, who was fifteen years old when she reached Utah in 1847. In a trembling hand she inscribed this: "The first dress I had after coming here was made from flour sacks colored with melon leaves."

One old man told how he had been punished for disobedience by the leader, Brigham Young, while the immigrants were crossing the plains. "My hands were tied," he wrote, "and I walked behind a wagon two days."

Some of the pioneers were so old that they could no longer hold the pen. On one page this appears: "Mother Brown cannot use the pen to write. She has not written for years and by her request I do this."

(Continued on page 62)

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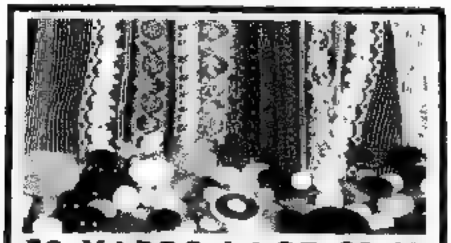

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Blizzard on Hog Eye Mesa

(Continued from page 58)

mesa. If I were to get to Trechado it must be without his instinct. I must do something myself. I was soaked and I was chilled. Moreover, I was lost. I decided to stop at the first clump of vegetation and build a fire. When I dismounted I realized that my clothes were frozen stiff. I broke them, shook the ice off, and tried to find some grass dry enough to light. I could find none, so I attempted to whittle some splinters. When I got my matches out they were wet. I couldn't start a fire. I kept telling myself that an Indian, with fire sticks, could have produced a flame, but I couldn't.

My teeth were chattering. I was shaking. And I was frightened. I mounted and let the horse pick his own course. It was, I judged, about nine-thirty, but there was little visibility.

IT WAS a long time before I detected a movement ahead. I urged the horse until I was sure of a dim, dark object, moving in front of me. I overtook a Navajo, horseback. I had never seen him before but the little knowledge I had of his language got his attention. I told him that if he would guide me to the logging trail at the foot of the Sierra Madre I would give him my watch. Fortunately it was silver—I knew he wouldn't touch a gold one. It was some time before he nodded. I handed it over and he started out at a trot with me following. Each of us rode standing in the stirrups.

The storm increased in intensity, and so did the darkness. I wondered how he knew where he was going, or if he did know. I had no choice but to follow him, and I did that without question.

About four that afternoon he stopped, grunted, and pointed to the ground. The wind had swept the snow away and I could dimly see wagon tracks. I thanked him and looked for the twin mountains that were a landmark because they could be seen for many miles from every direction. Making sure I was headed right, I thanked the Navajo again and set out toward Trechado.

My first possible refuge was the home of Ol' Man Moore, a mile or so closer than the village. The trail ran very close to the house, but I was determined not to stop there, because I had experienced a little trouble with Moore and didn't want to ask any favors of him. I set out at a gallop and the stud kept it up nobly. With luck we'd get past Moore's before it became impossible to see anything in the way of a landmark. As I got within range of where I thought the house should be I watched closely for it. I was riding with my feet out of the stirrups, and I was peering through the gloom to the left for a dark spot that might be Moore's. I'd forgotten about my reluctance at asking for his aid, for I was almost beyond help.

The stud stopped at the door and whinnied. Ol' Man Moore and his son came out and dragged me off my mount. The reins were frozen to my hand, and they could hardly get them loose. They dragged me inside and left me on the floor. The boy took the stallion to the barn. When he returned Moore had my boots off.

My right foot was frozen. My right ear was frozen. They left me in that cold room while they got snow. They rubbed my face and feet with it. When I went to sleep they slapped and cuffed me back to consciousness. Occasionally they tried to get me on my feet but I was unable to stand.

About midnight they rolled me in a blanket, dragged me into the living room and left me in front of the fireplace. I slept fitfully. I kept remembering that I didn't like Ol' Man Moore. Mrs. Moore and the boys, yes; they were fine people. But I hated the old man. And now he'd saved my life. The stud's too. In my broken sleep I rehashed the reason for my antipathy: Moore was tight; not the tightness required by necessity, but a grasping kind of tight that gave others no consideration. And he was cantankerous; everybody knew that. I'd worked for him, and when one does that he gets to really know a man.

I lived over the work Bud and I had done for him. He had hired my brother and me to take some steers to Magdalena for him. Bud was not yet an expert cowhand, and he was to drive the chuckwagon. I was to drive 300 steers with only Ol' Man Moore to help me, and he was not much better with cattle than Bud. It was hard work, but fortunately I had no fences to take down. There was a regular route open for trail driving

Moore bought his first car, a Model T when he sold the cattle. He took out and left Bud and me to take the remuda and wagon back to his ranch. He had bought a new saddle and told me not to haul it in the wagon but to put it on a horse so it wouldn't get scratched.

With ten head of saddle horses I rode alongside the wagon, and we made the return trip in three days. Eight had been required for getting the cattle to market.

When we reached the Adams Diggin' we found a place to water. There were many loose horses in the country; water was scarce; and the owner had fenced the waterhole. Across the gate he had put barbed wire high enough that cattle could get under it but it was a barrier to horses. The horse carrying Moore's saddle wriggled under that wire before I could stop him, and the damage to the saddle was irreparable. The scratches would not affect its use, but they certainly spoiled its appearance.

MOORE was not at home when Bud and I got in. I put the saddle on a peg in the stable and hoped he wouldn't find it until we were long gone. Of course, when we went back for our mail we'd catch it, but postponing the order might help. A week might give him a chance to cool off a bit.

When we returned, Moore rode up and began cursing Bud. My brother was in no way at fault and I told Moore so. Then he began calling me names. I began unbuttoning the flap to my right chaps' pocket. Moore dismounted and started toward me with a big knife

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nis hand. I didn't touch the gun until I saw it. He kept coming until he got within six feet of me.

"What did you rope to tear up my saddle?" he demanded.

I told him just what happened. Then ne turned his wrath and his profanity upon my young brother. Bud had done nothing, but so long as Moore made no physical attack upon the boy I was determined to avoid trouble.

I rode on to the post office which was n his house. Bud followed. Mrs. Moore nvited us in, unaware of what had occurred. As she was pouring coffee for us, Moore came in through the kitchen. He had hung his gun over the fireplace before he realized our presence. He started for the gun with his pipe jumping up and down in his teeth. I knew what would happen if he made it.

"Look here!" I said. "You think you're so tough that everybody is afraid of you!"

He turned.

"You've worn that gun till you're lopsided. If you're ever going to use it, now's your chance."

Moore dropped into a chair and just at there looking at me. His wife began o cry. I felt terrible. I apologized to her nd explained that I hadn't expected rouble and was very sorry for what had ccurred. Unable to speak she nodded. nd we left.

Now here I was, wrapped in Moore's lanket, lying in front of his fireplace nd owing my life to him. The knowldge that nobody in New Mexico would ave turned a man in my condition away as no consolation. I was in a very embarrassing situation and unable to do nything about it. I debated getting up, addling my horse, and leaving. Then I ecided I must stay and face him, regardless of what might happen.

I was awakened by Mrs. Moore who ad prepared breakfast for me. I did ot see Moore until I left the house to addle the stud. He did not speak, but I opped and thanked him. He just unted.

A Dog Called Baldy

(Continued from page 37)

yote would have left the country when e dogs all started barking, growling id fighting when the hunters started leave the ranch, but after a little the gs quieted down and started spreading t on each side and in front.

There was a big round moon shining, aking it almost like day. When they d gone nearly two miles from the nch, old Bozo, a rather big-footed, slow g, let out a long wail. All of the other gs honored his bark for they knew that never ran anything but a coyote. He as the main start dog.

In a matter of minutes the whole pack as away on a hot trail. They were going raight west, heading for a little round l about two miles distant. The men listening for a few minutes and then neone suggested that they proceed to top of another hill a little east of ere they were. It would give them a ter place from which to listen for the

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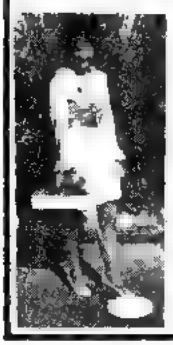

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return of the pack. Experience had taught them never to ride after the hounds. If the hunters didn't interfere, the coyote was likely to run in a wide circle, coming back to the place where he had started.

The baying became faint and then nothing was heard for the space of ten minutes, when someone raised his hand for silence. The baying could be heard again and it was determined that the hounds were coming straight back to them. They were half a mile away when one of the hunters said, "Listen to that music—just listen to that music!" The visitor turned his head to one side and then the other, listening. "I can't hear any music for them damn hounds barking," was his only comment.

After someone laughingly told him that *that* was the music, Luther ordered everyone to be quiet. "If we don't make a sound, he'll run a figure-eight around this hill and the one over yonder." He looked all around the circle and then continued, "If anybody hollers, I'll personally throw him off this hill!"

BY THIS TIME the dogs were no more than a quarter of a mile away and someone pointed down at the foot of the hill. There were only a few scattered mesquites with open spaces between them.

The coyote showed white in the moonlight drifting by like a ghost. Three hundred yards behind it came the three lead dogs—Judy, Sport and Baldy—running neck and neck, spread out about forty yards apart with their noses up, scenting the air. The coyote and the hounds did just as Luther had predicted. They went around the hill on which the hunters were standing and crossed the trail and headed back the way the race had started. The same thing happened as before; they went out of hearing and then came back after they circled the other hill. This time when they went by, the dogs were still in their position only closer to the coyote. Probably only a hundred and fifty yards separated them. By that time some of the slow dogs were catching up. Soon they fell in and were all in a pack again.

When they came around the third time, Judy, Sport, and Baldy were no more than fifty yards behind the coyote and he was tiring fast. He kept looking over his shoulders and wringing his tail. The race couldn't last much longer.

Just past where the men stood was a little canyon that cut back into the hill. The coyote turned up this wash with Judy and Sport close behind. But Baldy went on around the hill as he had before.

Walter Clubb burst out, "Now, what the hell made him do that?" "I don't know," Luther answered, "but I sure as hell intend to find out!"

The men spurred their horses off and around the hill the way Baldy had gone, and they were just in time to see Baldy meet the coyote face to face. The coyote realized there was no way out but to fight. He reared up but Baldy bowled him over. By the time the other dogs got there the coyote was dead.

Everybody was too surprised to say anything until Clubb remarked, "Well, Luther, he couldn't outrun your dogs so he out-smarted 'em."

Luther just sat there on his horse with a sickly grin on his face. At last he said, "I have a suspicion that he's been doin' that all along. Well, if he's got that much coyote sense, more power to him."

Curious Record of Utah's Pioneers

(Continued from page 59)

In an almost illegible hand these pathetic words were written: "My memory is very bad and my eyesight is almost gone."

Among others were these: "I have been in all the Indian wars that there has been in Utah and I have always been a minute man."

"I drove two yoke of oxen and one of cows across the plains."

"I was one of the first to carry the United States mail to the Missouri River."

"I helped to make the first dobis [adobe] for the first fort. I also made a violin in 1847."

"I attended the first school taught in Salt Lake City. Taught by Miss Mary Miles."

"I drove an ox team across the plains at the age of thirteen years."

"I suffered many privations and lived on thistle roots and sego lilies for six months."

Some of the remarks of the pioneers were not strictly historical. Having in mind the special invitation to attend the celebration, one old gentleman wrote in the book: "I am this day seventy-five years old and happy of the prospect of assembling with you in jubilee capacity."

Mary Ellen Abell, almost eighty years old, wrote thus: "To fear God, live righteously and walk humbly is the whole duty of man."

Another said: "I should like to attend the jubilee, but I am too feeble."

And pathetic were the wavering letters which spelled out this: "I can hardly see the lines above." Conrad Kleinman, who wrote, was then eighty-two years old.

At that semi-centennial jubilee photographs were taken of things that have become of great historic interest and value, and some of these are reproduced by special permission in this issue of *Leslie's Weekly*.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

Carolina. I remember it as a far better life and time than this nation enjoys today. More people lived closer to the land, loved it better and knew how to wrest a living from it, good times or bad. They were proud to be self-supporting and independent. Thank you for the nostalgia of a way of life now and forever gone that can be briefly relived now and then through the pages of your magazine we so thoroughly enjoy. —H. D. Hill, or M. K. Hill, P. O. Box 264, Dugway, Utah 84022

They Bit the Dust in Italy

I guess the last horse that bucked me off was in southern Italy in 1943. A

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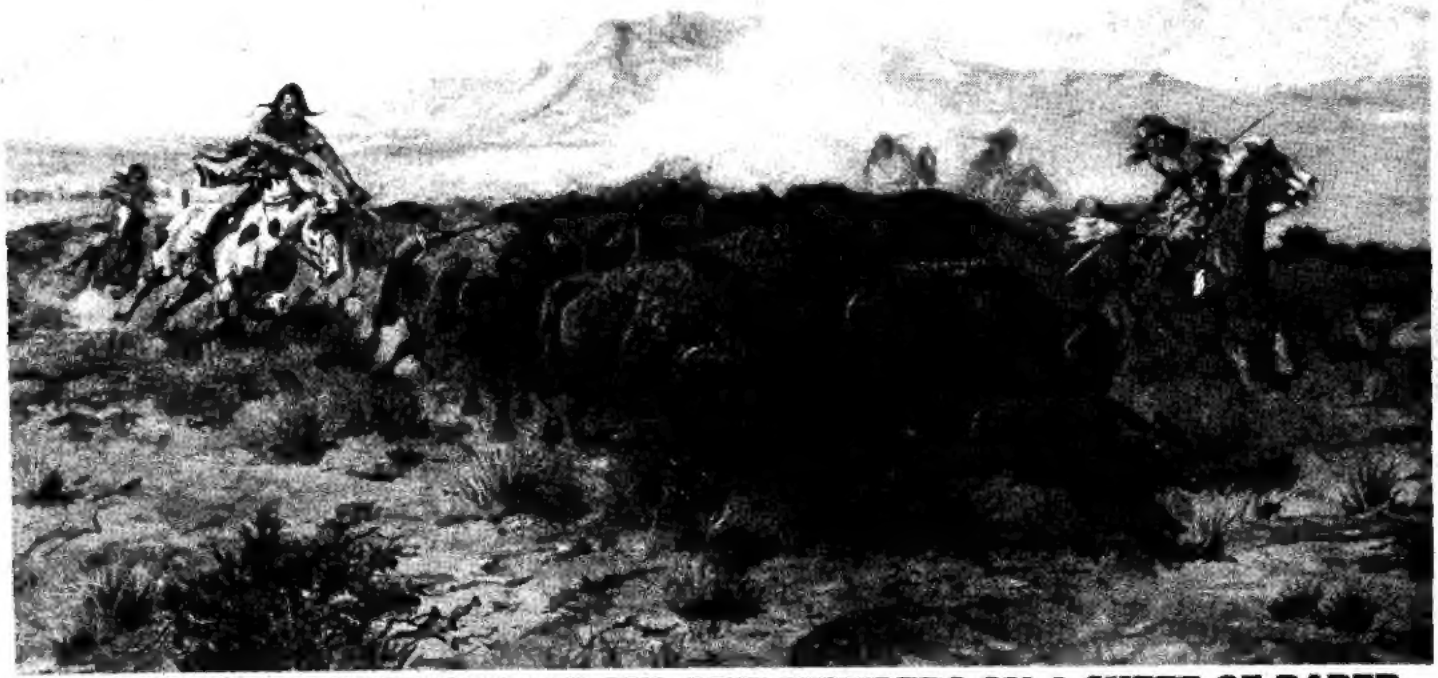

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7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
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26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 13½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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tually he wasn't a bucking horse—just one of twenty or twenty-five half wild cavalry horses the Italians had abandoned when Italy surrendered. Our infantry company found some corrals back in a wooded area with a pretty pasture and a stream nearby. Seeing the horses penned up in a small area we decided to try our hand at riding them.

A couple of old cavalry saddles were discovered in the barns and these we girted on two of the gentler horses, so now the game of catching the other stock began! It was quite a show—all we had was a small tent-rope apiece plus a few old pieces of stake-ropes we'd found in the barns.

Most of the boys were from Texas and were more or less accustomed to handling livestock. Some were from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania and had never been on a horse, but they were game! Some of the horses didn't buck at all, some just ran, while others swallowed their heads as soon as they were mounted. The big sorrel I finally managed to mount was too much horse for me and I was left in a prone position on the Italian soil!

I wish I could have had a movie of that event as I remember it. Imagine a group of fellows in olive drab riding "slick" and using tent ropes for hackamores—all this thousands of miles from home in a country torn by war, death and destruction.

Many a soldier bit the dust and the landscape was dotted with running horses and dismounted soldiers. It was great fun, though, even if there was no admission fee or prize money.—Frank V. Hash, Box 136, Rogers, Texas 76569

Anyone Remember?

Years ago—I believe it was from 1912 to 1916—I bought by mail a publication called *Young Wild West*. These magazines were written by "Old Scout." No other name was given. It was published by Frank Tousey, at 24 Union Square, New York City. Later their address was 168 W. 23rd Street, New York City.

The characters depicted in the magazines were Young Wild West, Cheyenne Charlie and Jim Dart. Their girl friends were Arretta Ann and Louise Serrants, Hop Sing and Hop Lee. Let me hear from anyone remembering or having a copy of this publication.—B. B. Price, P. O. Box 2, Ridgeland, South Carolina 29936

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 48)

ploration for relics are subjects crammed into this 152 page, two-column, illustrated guide. Nesmith and Potter are both authorities on the subject and have written other books and many articles. Their coverage ranges from legend to successful search and recovery operations and includes locations, maps, equipment and the kinds of treasure available. Treasure hunting guides on specific areas such as beachcombing, ghost towns, and underwater techniques are available. This book offers the most comprehensive coverage and information on the broad subject of treasure hunting this reviewer has seen.

Treasure Hunter's Digest (Digest Books, Inc., $7.95) by Jack Lewis tells how and where to find hidden treasure. Lewis defines treasure as anything you find that it worth money. This 289-page generously illustrated guide book is especially appropriate now because there are more people interested than ever before. Also roads, trails, housing, maps, camping facilities, vehicle and searching methods are the best ever. The twenty-four chapters of the *Digest* provide a large array of information that certainly gives the modern treasure hunter an edge in prospecting for pay dirt. The Superstition Mountains in Arizona are well known to gold seekers but we were surprised to learn that the sunken Andrea Doria has $4 million awaiting an enterprising recovery crew. The Caribbean floor is strewn with Spanish doubloons and other precious loot and some of it has been recovered. Included is a list of manufacturers and distributors who service the entire range of needs for treasure hunting in its many forms. Most of them offer catalogs, provided the request is accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

FRONTIER ARIZONA

The Arizona of Joseph Pratt Allyn: Letters for a Pioneer Judge (University of Arizona Press, $8.50) with foreword, background, editing, epilogue, annotations, and supplemental references and index by John Nicolson is a new book which promises to be an important reference on the early territorial days of Arizona. Allyn, writing under the pseudonym "Putnam" sent twenty-four letters covering his travels and observations in Arizona, 1863-1866, to his friend, Charles Dudley Warrer, editor of the Hartford *Evening Press*. His colorful and detailed writings are compared favorably by Howard R. Lamar with the writings of J. Ross Browne, famed Arizona chronicler. Nicolson gives an interesting account of Allyn's early life, plagued by tuberculosis and filled with travels in search of health, as well as his acquaintance with intellectuals in Hartford and Washington, D. C., where he worked and corresponded with Warrer under the Putnam name. He knew and campaigned for Abraham Lincoln. On March 11, 1863 Arizona gained separate territorial status and Allyn was appointed by President Lincoln as associate justice of the supreme court of the new territory. Allyn traveled west in the company of newly appointed Governor Goodwin and described the events of the trip with humor and perspective. Allyn's major tours in Arizona were a trip to Navajo Springs and the original Fort Whipple in Chino Valley, December 1863-January 1864; from Prescott to La Paz via Tubac, Yuma, and the Colorado River, November 1864-January 1865; and La Paz to Callville via the Colorado River and return in May 1865. He described the country, Indians, ranch life, personal experiences, and mining. Although Allyn failed to find health or a successful political career, his letters leave a legacy of valuable information.

LARAMIE COUNTY, WYOMING

From These Roots (Pioneer Printing and Stationery Co., $9.27) by Mrs. Dan (Peggy) Kirkbride is a scrapbook o pithy facts related to the history of th pioneering and modern age of Laramie County, Wyoming. The southwestern most county, with Cheyenne as county seat and state capital, Laramie County is the meeting place of the High Plain with eastern outliers of the Rocky Moun tains. Cheyenne was an important cente during construction of the U. P. Railroa and was a number one outfitting statio for Black Hills mining, early ranchin and homesteading. We learn that th word Wyoming is a Delaware India name meaning "End of the Plains." Als the state was the first to approve woma suffrage. It appears that the male popula tion was so small the boys needed t include women power when they pet tioned for statehood and obtained it. Th strength of the book is numerous thumb nail biographies of settlers, ranch fam ilies, individuals, postmasters and ma carriers. A comparative peace which ex isted between Laramie County cattle an sheepmen was due to two reasons: 1. Some big woolgrowers were wealthy wit powerful political influence. 2. Man ranchers owned both cattle and shee Peggy Kirkbride, the author, is marrie to one of the owners of a historical ranc in the Horse Creek and Chugwater area north of Cheyenne. The many contempo rary photographs as well as folksy drav ings by Abbie Montgomery Current a mirably support the 220 pages of tex This regional history is recommende for those interested in settlement of th High Plains, ranching, mail carriers an post offices.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 47)

stated several times that he was a dire descendant of Roger Williams, the foun er of Rhode Island. Uncle Bill was veteran of the Mexican War and also Forty-niner. Can anyone connect any the missing generations? Martha Benne was the wife of Uncle Bill Williams, an I have been unable to find anything her.

Does anyone know the line of desce of Samuel L. Southard, who was in th cabinet of President James Madison, how General Anthony Wayne was co nected with the Southards?

My maternal grandparents were Aar B. Vinson, 1852-1907, and Louver Glover, 1860-1937. I know very lit about their early lives or their ancesto I would greatly appreciate any inform tion anyone could give me on any of the people, and will furnish what I ha learned to anyone who needs it.—Gro W. Southard, P. O. Box 164, Tohate New Mexico 87325

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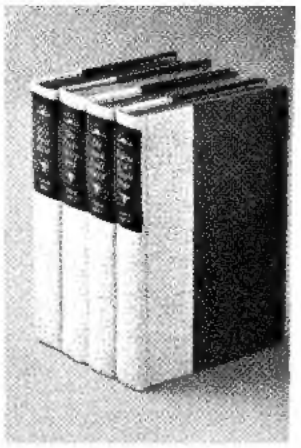

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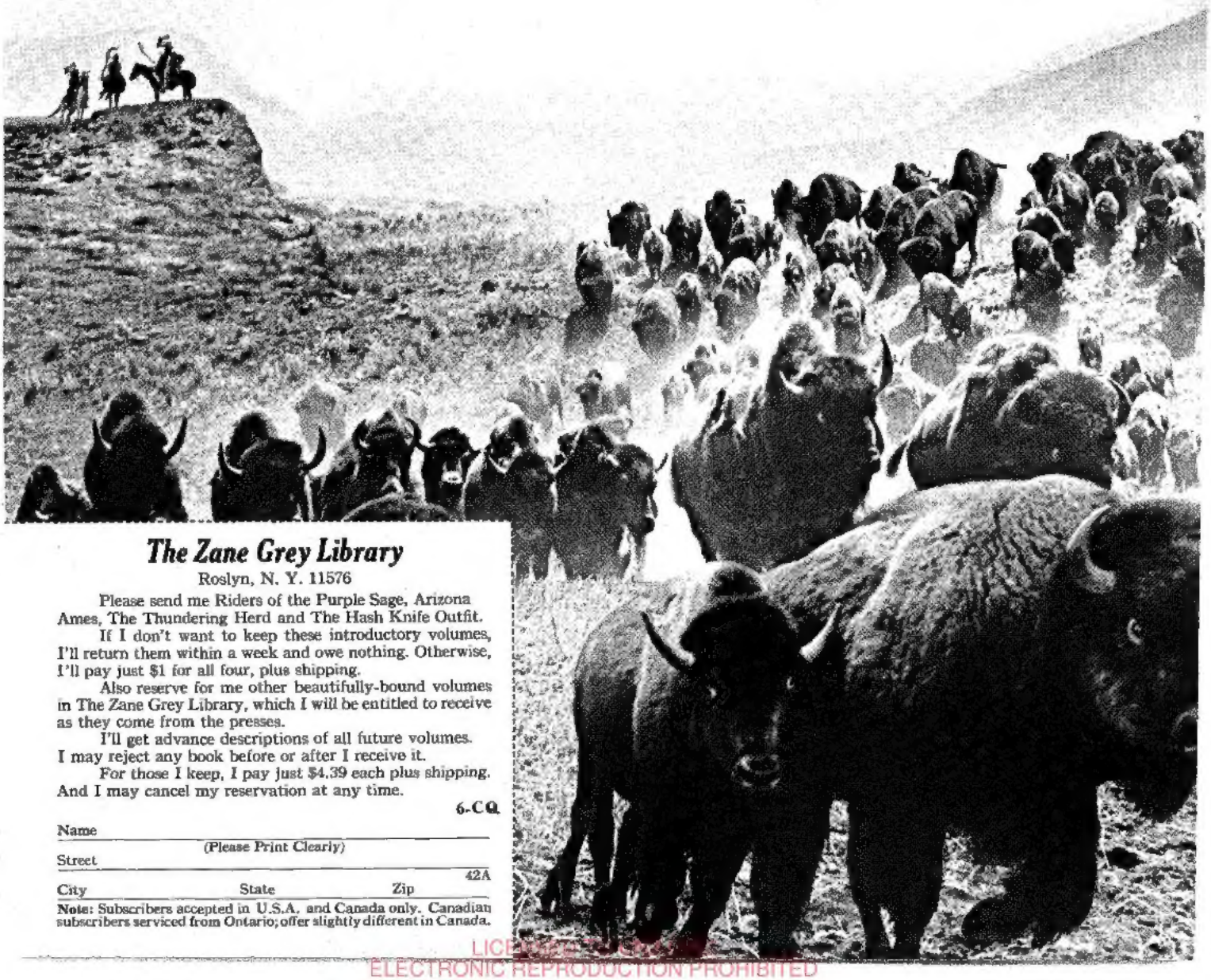

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